

# The Constellation.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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## THE CONSTELLATION.

### THE MOSS ROSE.

*From the German.*

The angel of the flowers one day,  
Beneath a Rose-tree sleeping lay.  
That Spirit—to whose charge is given  
To bathe young buds in dews from heaven.  
Awakening from his light repose,  
The angel whispered to the Rose,  
"O fondest object of my care!  
Still fairest found where all are fair,  
For the sweet shade thou'rt given to me,  
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee!"  
"Then," said the Rose with deepened glow,  
"On me another grace bestow."  
The Spirit paused in silent thought;  
What grace was there that flower had not?  
'Twas but a moment—over the Rose  
A veil of Moss the angel throws,  
And robed in Nature's simplest weed,  
Can there a flower that Rose exceed?"

### FINE ARTS.

The 1st and 2d part of the BYRON GALLERY has been received by W. A. Colman, and we are highly gratified by the spirited style in which the plates are executed.

Mr. Colman also possesses the fifth part of FINDEN'S LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS OF BYRON, containing the *Acropolis, Santa Maura*; the *Piazzetta of St. Mark at Venice, Ithaca and Delphi*. Amidst such a galaxy of talent, it is hard to say which is most brilliant; we are, however, mostly inclined to praise the plate of *Santa Maura*, from a painting by C. Stanfield, which is really a superb specimen of line engraving. Mr. Finden has been peculiarly happy on this plate.

At Bourne's, 359 Broadway, has been exhibited a very fine mezzo-tinto engraving by Jazel, from a painting by H. Vernet, of "Roman Horsemen conducting Cattle to Market." The horseman *en front* in costume and character is very natural; his horse and the steer whose course he is endeavouring to direct are finely delineated. The talent of Vernet is equally happy, even when employed on subjects the most opposite; there is in all his pictures the touch of genius, which seems to impart a vitality to objects which others might consider uninteresting and insignificant; even his grass appears to grow—and it is this attention to the minuteness of nature, which only will procure fame. Of the engraving by Jazel, were not his excellence already admitted, the execution of this plate alone would place him in the very first rank of his profession.

F. D.

### NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

GARRICK.—Of all men of genius, perhaps Garrick was the most eager for praise and sensitive of blame. His vanity knew no bounds. Having performed Richard, at the special desire of George the Second, he eagerly asked the gentleman in waiting, Mr. Fitzherbert, who had come into the Green Room, what His Majesty thought of Richard. "I can say nothing on that head," replied Mr. Fitzherbert, "but when an actor told Richard, 'the Mayor of London comes to greet you,' the King roused himself, and when Fawell entered, buffooning the character, the King exclaimed, 'Duke of Grafton, I like that Lord Mayor,' and when the scene was over he said again, 'Duke of Grafton, that is a good Lord Mayor.'" "But," replied Garrick, 'the warlike bustle and combat must have awakened a military genius?' 'I can say nothing of that,' replied Mr. Fitzherbert, 'but when Richard was in Bosworth Field, roaring for a horse, his Majesty said, "Duke of Grafton, will that Lord Mayor not come again?"' Almost at the close of Garrick's

theatrical life, he performed Richard before George the Third. Having asked the Lord in Waiting what His Majesty had said of him, his Lordship replied that the king had made but one observation. 'But one observation,' exclaimed Garrick, in breathless expectation of something laudatory, 'pray what did his Majesty say?' 'He merely expressed his astonishment, in the battle scene, that a man of your age could move his legs so nimbly!'—*Court Jour.*

AUCTIONS.—Strange enough, most of the ordinary usages of life, social, commercial and martial, may be traced up to the remotest antiquity. Who would suppose that a sale by auction, and the red flag, which denotes the locality of him of the hammer, could by the stretch of fancy, be assimilated with the Roman General or Imperator, wielding his baton or truncheon: the symbol, in all ages, of military command? And yet they are the same, as far as their functions with respect to sales are concerned. The system of sale by auction originated with the Romans, who sold their spoils in war under a spear fixed in front of the General's tent. The spear was decorated with, or in the immediate vicinity of the crimson standard, which indicated the tent or residence of the supreme commander, in the centre of his camp.

### SONG OF ARCHIE ROVER.

The Knight may rein his braw braw steed,  
May don his mailed glove,  
In marshalled list, or tented plain,  
To win his ladye love;—  
But what's the brave knight's belted trim,  
The landsman's gear to me?  
My war-steed is mine own good ship,  
My battle-plain the sea!

### To horse! the merry bugle-call

May bid the bold dragoon,  
And buck-buck men at tuck of drum  
Unslang their musketoon;  
But mought for tuck of drum reck I,  
Nor trooper's trumpet bray,  
My call's the boatswain's whistle shrill,  
My drum, the war hurra!

### By brake and scarr, all vent and turn,

The landsman's curse must he;  
Foul pathway for the hoof of horse,  
And red artillery;  
But the rider's trump shall wound not me,  
Nor the roll of the rattling gun;  
For a thousand, I ween, in the deep sea wave  
May sleep as sound as one.

*United Service Journal.*

VOCAL STATUE OF MEMNON.—This statue has puzzled many travellers, who have endeavored to account for the sound that issues from it every morning at sunrise. This sound, for centuries considered as the greatest mystery of Egyptian priesthood, was recently heard by an English traveller, Sir Edward Smith, who asserts, that the sound does not proceed from the statue, but from the pedestal, and that it arises from the impulse of the air upon the stones of the pedestal, which are arranged so as to produce this surprising effect. The sound in question is said to resemble that of the breaking of the string of the lyre, and Dussaux, the translator of Juvenal, accounted for it in this way: "The statue being hollow, the heat of the sun heated the air which it contained, and this air, issuing at some crevice, produced the sounds of which the priests gave their own interpretation." The Baron Humboldt, when in South America, examined, on the banks of the Orinoco, several granite rocks, from which the natives declared, that they had frequently heard, towards sunrise, subterraneous sounds, resembling those of the organ. Sounds, like that of a string breaking, have been frequently heard by travellers in Egypt, at sunrise, issuing from a monument of granite, situated near the centre of the spot on which the palace of Carnac stands. There is, therefore, no doubt that the music of the statue of Memnon proceeds altogether from a natural cause, though the priests of Egypt inculcated a different doctrine. The author mentions other instances of a similar description.

ROBERT NELSON, the learned and pious author of many excellent books of devotion, was peculiarly splendid in his dress and appearance. He was not willing to render the practice of piety more difficult

than was necessary; and, to attract mankind to goodness, submitted to embellish the charms of virtue by the graces of elegance. This gentleman is thought to have been the original from which Mr. Richardson drew the character of Sir Charles Grandison.—*Seward's Anecdotes.*

### TO THE RAINBOW.

Thou lovely roseate arch of heaven,  
Iris of the summer sky,  
Tinting the twilight clouds of even  
With many a fairy dye!  
Oh! who that gazes on thy splendour,  
Would think those hues, so pure and tender,  
Are but the colours of an hour,  
Dissolving in a shower?  
Doth not thy transient beauty tell  
The history of the human heart—  
Of hopes that charm, alas! too well,  
And then like thee depart?

The thoughts with which young hearts are beating,  
The rainbow radiance fair and fleeting,  
The visions of our smiling years,  
That terminate in tears.

SINGULAR PICTORIAL IMAGINATION.—It is a remarkable circumstance, that the portrait of Henry VIII. was the means of preventing a commercial treaty between the Portuguese and the King of Borneo. A Portuguese vessel having touched at that place, opened a trade there with great success. The king received the strangers with special favour, and they displayed before him the presents with which they were prepared. Among other things was the marriage of Henry VIII. and Catherine represented in tapestry. When the King of Borneo saw the bluff figure of Henry, as large as life, he bade the Portuguese pack up their presents, take them on board, and leave his dominions immediately. He knew, he said, what they brought him those figures for; that ugly man was to come out in the night, cut off his head, and take possession of his dominions. There was no persuading him out of his imagination, and the Portuguese were compelled to abandon a commercial speculation which was so auspiciously commenced.

SHENSTONE.—In his taste for rural pleasures, he was finical to a ludicrous degree of excess. In the purchase of a cow, he regarded nothing but the spots on her hide; if they were beautiful, all other requisites were disregarded. His man-servant, whose office it was to show his grounds, had made a grotto, which Shenstone approved. This was always made the test of his visitors' judgment; if they admired William's grotto, his master thought them worth accompanying in their circuit, and, on a signal from the man, appeared; but if they passed it with little notice, he kept out of their way. The Bishop added, that he had more than once visited Shenstone at the Leasowes, but always thought and found him a man unhappy in his temper.—*Br. Percy: Miss Hawkins' Junc.*

### OBEROON AND TITANIA.

Her chariot was a snail's embroidered shell,  
The traces of the finest cobweb were,  
Her canopy a cowslip's speckled bell,  
Her horses flies, a bee her charioteer.  
Upon six gnats six glow-worms went before,  
Upon six grasshoppers six wasps behind,  
These were her torch men, those her armor bore,  
And gallop'd swifter than the eastern wind.

Arm'd cap-a-pie forth march'd the fairy king,  
A stouter warrior never took the field,  
His long lance was a hornet's horrid sting,  
The sharded beetle's scale his sable shield.  
Upon an earwig mount gallantly,  
The mighty monarch rode in royal state,  
Nodding his horse-hair crest tremendously,  
Of all the fays the greatest 'mong the great.

*Dodslay's Tomb of Shakespeare.*

ROGER BACON'S TELESCOPE.—Great talk there is of a glasse that he made in Oxford, in which men might see things that were done in other places, and that was judged to bee done by power of evill spirits. But I know the reason of it to bee goodle and natural, and to be wrought by geometric (sith perspective is a part of it), and to stand as well with reason, as to see your face in a common glasse. But this conclusion, and others of divers like sort, are more meere for princes, for sundry causes, than for other

men, and ought not to bee taughte commonly.—*Reorde's Pathway to Knowledge*, 1551.

THE COMER, 1402.—"In the iii yere of Kyng Henrie's reigne, there was a sterre seyn in the firmament, yt shewed himself thurgh all the world for diuine tokenynges yt shold befall sone after; the whch sterre was named and called by the Clarcie, Stella Comata."—*Caxton's Cruncis.*

FORTUNE depends entirely on external causes; but happiness depends almost entirely on ourselves. Its principal ingredients are a manly mind, an affectionate heart, and a temperance of imagination. The first has the power of disarming affliction; the second of doubling every enjoyment; while the last guards us from wild wishes and inconsistent expectations.—*Bucke's Amuse't. in Retire't.*

### FOREIGN ENGLISH.

We take from a St. Louis paper the advertisement annexed. The Editor avers it to be genuine in all respects. It has the merit of telling some useful secrets of mendicant imposture.

Mr. Printair—

I perceive in your paper one advertisement for two women begars from New-Madrid Mo signa by Peter Lepombl le chien he impostor himself, his proper name is Domanick Clair and he have plenty of printing paper like this, to the humane the bearer having suffered greatly by a hurricane in the duchy of Larma and lose all his property—and thirty villages destroyed unpleases their charitable succour for his wife and five children and in this paper he call hisself dominick Collo—and certify by andrew Lebanon Capt. of the ship Telegraph and other printing he has like this, Ladies and Gentlemen the bearer of this is one Poland officer make prisoner and his family by the Russian at Wilna and lost his property with two children and their escaped, leave the next his family in one extreme situation and obliged to go look for some assistance to bring his wife and father and get three children to this County and hopes that your generosity will not let brave Poland soldier be without succour and in this he call hisself Andrew Romanowski and certify by John Lammerche Capt. of ship Concordia he say he good shoes maker en verite, but he too much lazy for work and make me go begar and when I go go he beat me and stay home eat and in Louisville he steal paper like this and go begar he say his name is Don Joseph Peterla and loose every ting by earthquake in spain and go collect some to bring his infirm father his mother two young sister and two brother to this states and certify by Jaen Sanchez maître of ship St. Martin and one other paper he steal he call hisself John Collars lose every ting by hurricane in Switzer land want to bring here his family and certify by Tobias Thompson Capt. ship aurora and be one tief he steal in louisville in Pittsburg and on the steamboat, he steal one hundred and fifty dollar from my mother and leave me go work for myself and chilider I want you for publish this advertisement in your paper and have sent the monies and suppose somebody not believe I can prove him and have paper for show.

October 4.—Paid.

MARGUERITE CLAIR.

SUPERSTITION.—The late Captain Mott, R.N. used frequently to repeat an anecdote of a seaman under his command. This individual, who was a good sailor and a brave man, suffered much trouble and anxiety from his superstitious fears. When on the night watch, he would see sights and hear noises in the rigging and the deep, which kept him in a perpetual fever of alarm. One day the poor fellow reported upon deck that the devil, whom he knew by his horns and cloven foot, stood by the side of his hammock the preceding night, and told him that he had only three days to live. His messmates endeavoured to remove his despondency by ridicule, but without effect; and the next morning he told the tale to Capt. Mott, with this addition, that the fiend had paid him a second nocturnal visit, announcing a repetition of the melancholy tidings. The Captain in vain expostulated with him on the folly of indulging such groundless apprehensions; and the morning of the fatal day being exceedingly stormy, the man, with many others, was ordered to the topmast, to perform some duty among the rigging. Before he ascended he bade his messmates farewell, telling them that he had received a third warning from the devil, and that he was confident he should be dead before night. He went aloft with the foreboding of evil on his mind, and in less than five minutes he lost his hold, fell upon the deck, and was killed upon the spot.—*Gentl. Mag.*

RATS.—A learned society has proposed for its prize-question this year, "What is the best means of destroying rats?" Unless the subject is political, one might have a chance for the premium in answering, "By encouraging the breed of cats."

## MISCELLANY.

## CALL TO GERMANY.

'Twas the cry of indignant Europe,  
Who heard her not complain?  
The roar of her myriad voices  
Rebounding from sky to plain:  
From the bloody beach of the Baltic  
It ran to the Caspian main:  
And the lays of the Western Islands  
Sent back the slow answer:  
To the call from the Pyrenees:  
'The Alps smile; land reply—  
And the rear of the Rhine and the Danube  
Shook down at that mighty cry—  
Up! Germany! gather thy children,  
Thy mighty, thy many, thy brave;  
Shall my law be the law of a tyrant?  
The child of thy womb a slave?  
Time are the valley and mountain  
That gush with the olive and vine,  
Whose sweets the rolling Danube,  
Whose rushes the winding Rhine:  
The light note of beauty  
An flower looks are these;  
Time are the land and the sage,  
And the soul of the lyre sweet strain,  
The passion that throbs in the bosom,  
The spirit that burns in the brain—  
But, old where Freedom is not,  
Beauty out-breath'd pain;  
And the glory and might of wisdom  
Are young, bright land, in vain.  
The hearts of the world upon you,  
Old children of Germany, dwelt  
Belgium, France, and England,  
Each name is a battle-spear,  
Freedom's fight is your's now,  
Look that ye fight it well!  
By the blood of the noble Poles,  
That have been in battle slain—  
By the breath of the valiant Poles,  
That to fall ye make remuneration;  
By the cry and the groan of the captive,  
That rings in the Duson's chamber;  
Down with the law-breaking master,  
The Crown with a bloody hand;  
Speak to the war-tried soldier,  
Gives his strong right hand;  
Teach him the name of Freedom,  
Tell him of Father-land;  
Tell him the judge on his bosom  
Shows his free-born mother;  
Tell him his tyrant's gold  
Is the dust of the dead of his battles;  
The world, the awakening world;  
But tell ye your hearts with the Deuce,  
Say, trumpet, not banner, and battle,  
Strike!—in fact strike!—  
Shake!—so he stroketh me now;  
Down with the wile-wrought Karpis;  
The weak are made for gore!  
Up to the orient sun—  
U with the wind!

And Germany, rouse around it  
The eagles, thy valour, thy laws;  
Smash them to the dust of the earth;  
They valour the bones of the world.

*The Examiner.*

## ELIEZER THE SAGE, AND ELIEZER THE SIMPLE.

A JEWISH LEGEND. — (Continued.)

Luckily for their progress, the Mount Bedouins, on the very day of their view from the Lebanon, had marched in the same direction, and been cut up by the cavalry of the Legion quartered in Damascus, and sent head foremost into the desert, with the loss of half their Sheiks, and what they lost much more, all their horses and camels. The Romans had surprised them by a march round the right of the Bahar el Margi, while their Sheik, a venerable and pugnacious warrior and idiot, had sworn by his beard to cut off the head of any man who looked for them on any road but the left. Their expedition throve accordingly, and the venerable Sheik left his own skeleton, with those of two thousand of his fellow heroes, as an amanuense to the jackals, and a warning to his successors, that there were two ways round the Bahar el Margi. The affair had been finished just two hours before the travellers passed; the day was now done, the rest was flushed, the blood was dry; the trumpet of the Legionaries was lost in distance among the gushes of the evening air, and as far as the eye could reach, a long gleam of gold, like a stream of ore flowing from its furnace, shewed where the cavalry were entering the gates of Damascus, with their helmets blazoning in the western sun.

The two thousand grinning warriors of the desert were now in no condition to be feared by the traveller; the heavy blade of the Roman horseman had cured all their propensities to plunder; and Eliezer had worn a turban of gold, and a curasse of diamond, he might have walked through the two thousand without a fear. The time was even come, when the Arab himself might be spoiled, and Eliezer's glance was caught by a prodigious emerald on the hilt of the Sheik's scimitar.

'We may as well,' said he to his companion, 'rescue this weapon from the dust, or the paw of the jackal. It may belong to some Roman noble of rank, and thus, by restoring it, we may secure the protector of whom no two men stand more in need than ourselves this day; or we may find it to be the property of some honest man who has been rendered poor by its loss; or if neither should be the case, we may find its use in defending our own heads from the robber; or even sell it, if we are reduced to the necessity.'

'The reasons are many and excellent, as become the wisdom of my lord,' mildly observed his quiet friend. 'But in my country the old men say, My son leave the robber and his goods to take care of the aspives.'

Eliezer was by no means convinced; he saw that the emerald was beautiful, and the blade of the scimitar true Damascus.

'Death,' said he, 'transfers all property; why not a Bedouin's? That is law, all over the globe. Why shall a fine work of art, an incomparable stone, and an useful weapon, be left to decay, if we want it?' 'It'—echoed the son of simplicity, and followed Eliezer. The sage wrapped the scimitar in his cloak, and strode on, impatient to reach this place of fame and fortune.

The city of Damascus has been, in all ages, a noble and beautiful city, but in the days of this journey, it united the elegance of Greek taste, the grandeur of Roman opulence, the delights of oriental luxury. All was pomp and pleasure, superb pomp and lavish pleasure. The poets and minstrels of the East crowded round the footstool of the stately Proconsul, who had succeeded to the stately Srap, as he had succeeded to the stately King. Eliezer rejoiced in the coming opportunity of showing that his genius was not utterly worthless for getting his bread; an impression which had been of late rather painfully growing over his mind. Damascus was the region of lawyers, and the Rabbi announced himself as prepared to give lectures on all the codes of mankind.

On the very day when he had first collected an auditory, and was astonishing them with the endless variety of his quotations, the bold decision of his dogmas, and the inimitable eloquence of his eloquence, his lecture was broken off by the rushing of a crowd into the room, calling for justice. To a lawyer a new case is irresistible, and Eliezer, inwardly exulting in the opportunity of bringing his acquirements to the test, offered the man to state his case. Nothing could be plainer. He had sold his paternal house, in the olive grounds to the north of the city, to an Abyssinian. The Abyssinian, in pulling down the wall of one of the chambers, had struck his pick-axe upon a chest. The lid of the chest flew open, and out tumbled ten thousand ounces of gold. The seller now demanded the ten thousand ounces as his property. The buyer refused to give them up, and upon this the injured party came, demanding the authority of the newly arrived sage. Eliezer revolved his memory, and after stating the fiftieth case which bore upon the question, had decided it in his favour; when a clamour at the door announced the arrival of the Abyssinian. The new litigant was by no means disposed to let the cause go against him for want of rage, protestations, and appeals to all beneath the stars.

He was a tall and muscular fellow, of the true Galla breed, ferocious as a tiger, and as full of angry grimace as a baboon. He stalked up and down the spacious room while he detailed his grievances, furious with rage against his adversary, like a wild beast ready to be let loose on a criminal; and the significant gesture with which he from time to time approached the Rabbi himself, pointing to his neck with one hand, while he brandished a huge two-edged Abyssinian knife with the other, might have shaken the judicial nerve of a less intrepid distributor of right and wrong. But the case must be gone over again, and the Abyssinian, subtle as a wild-cat, brought so many evidences of the sale, of its being a sale of the whole possession and property, and appealed so endlessly to the customs of his own country and every other, that the audience began to take his side, and Eliezer found himself, for the mere purpose of satisfying the audience, compelled to plunge into precedents once more. But what two successive glances at any case in law ever saw it in the same point of view! The great jurist discovered, in the course of his argument, an authority on the opposite side; another soon transpired. At length, perplexed by his own knowledge, in infinite vexation, and with the utter ruin of his renown staring him in the face, he pronounced for the Abyssinian.

The decision produced a shout from the party on his side. The man of Damascus was now furious in his turn, by the mustachio of ten generations of his fathers, that the judge who decided against him must have taken a bribe from the enemy, and that the insult to both himself and justice was only to be wiped out by blood. Eliezer now indignantly rose, to leave the matter between themselves. But the Abyssinian sprang up to his side, and dagger in hand, commanded him, as a decider of the laws, to register the decision, which he would forthwith carry before the Roman Governor. The clamour now swelled among those tempestuous sons of a fiery clime more violently than ever, reproaches were showered, and daggers drawn on all sides. In the midst of this tumult, Eliezer, in miserable anxiety, and hopeless of escaping from such a generation of lunatics with life, saw, and delighted to see, the simple face of his fellow-traveller struggling its way through the crowd. 'What is the meaning of all this?' he asked breathlessly, as he came within hearing of the unlucky Sage. 'I know not, I know nothing,' was the answer, 'but that I am in the midst of a knot of madmen, and that law is thrown away upon them.'

'Will my lord let me sit by his side for a moment, and at least we may make the better retreat when we are together?' said his friend. The hand was held out, was grasped, and Eliezer the Simple was for once seated side by side with Eliezer the Sage.

A new judge, was the popular outcry, as they saw his unpretending physiognomy calmly looking round the crowd; 'any judge rather than that puzzle-headed blockhead, who blows hot and cold every half hour,' cried the party of the man of Damascus.

'Well then,' said the Abyssinian, proud of his triumph, 'to shew you how little I depend on chance for my rights, I shall give up this solemn ass, who was

ignorant enough to give sentence against me, without bial to this hour, for one of the finest prospects of Asia. The sun went down in glory and in gold over the distant city, covering the plain with a floating veil of the most glowing purple, but lighting up the remoter masses of the Anti-libanus, like pyramids of a thousand-coloured flames. The shades of cedars and the tamarisk overhung a fountain that murmured repose; the breeze came whispering among the blossoms and shaking out their perfumes at every wave; the nightingale sat on every bough, and all nature seemed like one vast altar of incense offered up in the hour of rest and prayer to the sun as king of all. Eliezer's lofty spirit, restored to its full vigour by the scene luxuriated in the thoughts of triumph; he had now accomplished two thousand miles of his journey. 'Pass but those hills,' said he, as he pointed to a long succession of peaks, behind which the moon ascended from the Persian valleys, studding every pinnacle with opal, 'and we plunge down into Asribian, a province where our only obstruction will be fields choked with luxuriance, and villages oppressive with hospitality. From its border, the Greater Irak lies before us, and there our journey will be completed. Then we shall find our brethren rejoicing to hear from our lips intelligence of their fathers in the captivity, and rejoicing still more in the prospect of avenging our long injuries on the profane and profligate tyrants of Israel. His fellow-traveller was silent, but at length said, 'I know nothing, but that we are not going home.' A shower of arrows that came through a thick load of buds of amaranth, broke short the speech. The shower was followed by a wild howl, and the howl by an apparition of a troop of savage-looking men, who bounded on all sides through this howl of all bows like tiger-cats. Eliezer saw his companion wounded and on the ground; flew to his side, and was in the same moment stretched along with him by the blow of a club. When he recovered his senses, he saw his unlucky friend in the hands of the savages, yet struggling to hold back the arm of a huge Nubian, strong as a buffalo, and black as night, who stood poised his lance to send it through a mortal part of the prostrate Sage. Eliezer, still stunned, but resolute to the last, could only exert his remaining strength to pluck the scimitar from his cloak, and fiercely wave it against the raider. The Nubian's wrath swelled at the sight his eye darted fire, and with a fierce exertion, slaying his helpless captive from his arm, he made a bound forward to give the mortal blow. But in the interval, brief as it was, he saw the hilt of the sword presented to his hand. The young Hebrew had taken it from the grasp of his taunting friend, and used it as a purchase of life which could no longer be a defence. The hilt was a treaty of peace in itself. The magnificent scabbard sparkled in the eye of the savage; but, Nubian as he was, he had learned more of the ways of the world than to despoil any shaver in his tribe; and to avoid its attracting other admiration than his own, he seized it at once, twisted the hilt deep within the brown folds of his abba, left his vanquished enemy on the ground, and with a valedictory darted into the thicket once more. Eliezer saw that his life was saved by the promptitude of his humble friend, and, for the first time, he trusted his tongue with an acknowledgment of his gratitude.

But rapid as the whole transaction was, it had not been so rapid as to escape the falcon glance of Abd-el Malick, the young handsome Sheik of the land. The Nubian was still struggling his way through the entangling net of oranges and myrtles that had for ages made the canopy of the hill, when the nervous grasp of the young Sheik was round his throat.

Surprised and conscious of his crime against the laws of the Desert from time immemorial, he made no resistance but was dragged back to undergo the process of the tribe. The scimitar was instantly torn from his cloak.

But the general exclamation of wonder at its brilliancy was lost in the wild sorrow, and wilder rage, that burst from the young Sheik. 'By the beard of my father, where is the villain who was guilty of the blood of the Ben Talib?' he shrieked out, as he sprang to the spot where Eliezer lay still unable to rise, and tended by the care of his simple friend. The unlucky scimitar had belonged to the father of the Sheik; and the glance that passed from the Sage's almost dying eye told his companion how much wiser he had been, if he had taken his advice, and left the robber's weapon where he left his corpse.

But reflection was now too late. It was in vain for him to protest that he was innocent of the blood of any Arab within the round of the earth. 'The evidence to the contrary was before them all. "Will any man who has the blood of the Ben Ishmael in his veins, believe that my father would have ever given up his sword but with his life?" was the first appeal of the furious warrior. It was unanswerable. "And what but the death of these swine can be the punishment of his murder?" was the second. Every lance was instinctively pointed at the breasts of the travellers. All seen it over with their journey and their lives. But the clamour had raised a third party.

The tents of the tribe were pitched behind the hill. The women heard the acclamation at their Sheik's speech. They poured down, headed by the fair and high-bloated Farsani, the Sheik's wife, and, by virtue of the sex, his unquestionable sovereign. The affair had now to be settled before a new tribunal. Farsani expeditiously took judgment into her own hands, and resolved on reversing the sentence, he it what might, loudly declared, that where there were so many widows in the tribe, it was absurd to put young men to death, and that while they wanted slaves to drive their flocks to pasture and fold, a wretched Jew, however crippled, who cost nothing, would serve the purpose as well as a negro who would cost a cow. The y

The spot where they rested for the night is prover-

men all insisted that this was the true version of the law; stayed execution, and ordered the submissive Sheik to listen to reason, and march his prisoners back to the camp.

Eliezer was now in tenfold despair. He was a slave, a cripple and a cow-herd for life. He cast himself on the flinty ground, and exclaimed against the infinite malice of fortune; through the night and through the day, he lay like Job, refusing to be comforted. His fellow-traveller had, in the mean time, put himself under the orders of the Sheik's princess; shewed her a new way of preparing lentil soup, which established his character among the hordes at once; and when the sunset brought him back to the rock where the unlucky sage sat, still wringing his hands and throwing dust upon his broad forehead, he brought with him a portion of the soup, which even the fastidious grief of the man of ten languages acknowledged to be consoling. "But here we are for ever," said he, when his hunger had left him time to think of his sorrows. "Chained till our dying day, among a gang of plunderers, the slaves of slaves, the hewers of wood and drawers of water to a rabble of barbarians!" The moon was again rising over the cliffs, that but twenty-four hours before had dazzled them with a vision of paradise; they were now transformed into the battlements of an eternal prison. His simple friend pointed to the luminary, as its edge, gently waning, hung like the curve of a scimitar, suspended on the marble horizon.

"We are in the power of Ben Ishmael, 'tis true," said he; "but Sheik Abdul is in the power of the fair Farsani, and that woman was at full fast night; you see what she is now. Women may have her changes even in the desert."

Eliezer was concocting a matchless train of pretexts and conclusions, to prove that the old comparison between him and the moon, was too old for this day of the earth; and that their captivity would last till it left them in the grave, when he was interrupted by a messenger from the wife of the Sheik. Eliezer was still overjoyed. The message was for the young Hebrew. The complexion and the coquetry of his friend had not been lost on the vivid Farsani. She had now sent for the simple traveller to assist her in taking a midnight march across the Desert, with whose knowledge she had no intention of embarrassing the intellects of the Sheik. The alternative of a refusal was instantizing on the princess's tent-pole. Eliezer, for aye, gave up the arrangement into the hands of his companion, who simply observed, that as if they ever fled to escape, it must be through the air, or on the back of a camel, they might as well take the midnight march.

Midnight came, dark as ebony, and wild as the Bedouin themselves. Thunder roared, rain fell in degrees, the wind roared the arms of the oaks and cedars through the air-like straws. But the storm had issues, the young Sheik heard nothing of the packing of his choice vestures, his carbine, and his purse, in the lock of his favourite doorway, by the hands of his wife, nor of the untethering of his two mares, feet as ostriches, and patient as the tortoise, from the tent pole beside his pillow. Opium and Shiraz wine had relieved him of the pangs of parting, and when his bold, raven-tressed, and ebony-eyed spouse had left him twenty leagues behind, he was still as happy and as deep in dreams, as if she were still the guardian angel of his slumbers.

The coursers deserved their fame; they rushed along with the speed of the wind. Before daylight they had threaded the passes of Kurdish hills, and the noon found them bounding on untired through the flowery pastures of Hamadan. The shadows of the hills at last began to lengthen, and though the Arab's stud seemed willing to have galloped along till doomsday, their riders were ready to drop from their saddles with fatigue. The ruins of a caravanera, flaring in the sunbeams, like a pile of burning briars, were hailed by all with equal rejoicing; and just as the sun, red as a thunderbolt, plunged down into a new world of sanguine and storm-tossed clouds, they alighted at the gate of the immense ruin. Eliezer once more was now compelled to feel that there were cases where all the wisdom of the wise might be good for nothing. In a college of musketeers he must have been an orator; but here he was freezing with the heavy dew of an Eastern night, and since dawn he had not tasted food; he flung himself on his picksaddle, and meditated in solitude on the misfortunes of a sage.

Meanwhile his friend had watered the cattle, kindled a fire, and was in the full employ of the fair Farsani, as superintendent of a kettle of exquisite lentil soup. But when was life smooth throughout? Eliezer was roused from his reverie by a cry; he started up, but just in time to throw himself across the path of the Sheik's wife, who was in full chase of his friend, lance in hand. He gently drew the weapon from her little, angry fingers, and then asked, "was supper ready?" Farsani shot a look of fire at him for the words, that must have scorched him to the soul, if he had not been thinking more of the sparkling steel of the lance than its fair wielder; she then burst from him, declaring herself the most insulted of woman-kind, and finished a long explosion of her tongue, by the natural accompaniment of thunder,—a shower rained from eyes that emulated the twinkling stars above their heads. Once loosed from his hand, she sprang into the darkness, and was gone.

But where was his fellow-traveller? Eliezer called his name in a hundred spots of the ruin, and all in vain. He never felt himself more thoroughly perished. He was likely to be left to his own dexterity in a desert, where his next and nearer associates might be the tiger or the hyena. Philosopher as he was,

he felt that he had lost his supper; and the distant rattling of hoofs along the flinty road convinced him that, with the Sheik's spouse, he had lost the more important chance of ever reaching a civilized country alive. But the loss that struck him deepest, was still the loss of his humble friend.

During three days he remained hiding in the caravanera, living on the wild roots that tardily forced their subsistence from the dry ground, reprobating the folly that had sent him on a pursuit worthy only of a carrier pigeon, and, to his own astonishment, pining more and more for the absence of his simple follower. He often questioned himself, how he could feel any kind of interest in a being so much his inferior in capacity, so utterly unequal to communicate ideas with his scholarship, so mere a matter-of-fact mind. Yet his memory still brought back instances of a gentleness and patience, a willing kindness and a persevering zeal, that in all its ignorance sustained his regret. All things became important by circumstance, and next to the discovery of his exiled countrymen, Eliezer, in the desert, began to rank the discovery of his lost friend.

*Laughable Adventure.*—The following is a diverting account of a little adventure, which we are confident was far less amusing to the party concerned than to those who read it. We take it from a Dumfries journal.

"One of our townsmen who had occasion to visit Colvend lately, deplored in a gig, drawn by rather a young pony. As his family happened to be at the salt-water, the gig was well laden with provisions, including a eve, a few bottles of ale, tea and sugar, a loaf or two of bread, &c. &c. When near Colvend Kirk, the horse got or grew *coltsbury*, and wished to go one road while the driver's views favored another.

A struggle ensued; the beast refused to yield; the motion of the vehicle became unsteady, and one of the wheels having grazed a large stone or mass of rock at the side of the road, it became alarmed, and galloped off at full speed. The reins had little effect on its mouth, and as the road appeared to be none of the safest, the driver watched an opportunity, leapt out, and landed safely in a whin-bush. Freed from every trammel the animal careered at a great rate, and though partially stopped at one point, again galloped off, up a hill, in the direction of the house of the parish tailor, as if aware that he kept a salve for everything in the shape of horse-sores. From the nature of the ground, it is not wonderful that the gig should have been upset, and that even before this occurred, the viands were scattered about in every direction. At every little distance fragments of the eve flew off at a tangent; but the main body of the feast, along with the basket in which it was placed, was found picturesquely deposited on the top of a knoll, in a manner the owner is at a loss to account for, excepting on the supposition that in "retiring out," it had alighted on the back of some bird, and been indelict for its perch to a gaudy pair of wings. What remained of it was found in strange company, being flanked by a quarter loaf on the one side, and a soap-box and a razor on the other; and the wags even said that a knot of vermins had gathered round, and seizing on what they considered a lawful prize, were giving an excellent proof that *lunatics* were made before forks. Be this as it may, the good people of Colvend were extremely kind, and assisted our friend to the extent of their power in gathering together the wreck of his salt-water fortune.

#### ANECDOTE OF HENRY BROUGHAM.

*Now first published.*

In the year 18—, as Wull, or William Hall, then overseer of the farm of Sunderland, in Selkirkshire, Scotland, the labours of the day being over, was leaning against the dyke of the farm yard, a young gentleman of gentle appearance came up to him, wished him good evening, and observed that the country here looked beautiful. The two getting into conversation, Hall, who was a talkative lad, after a few observations, asked him "where he was ga'na?" He said he intended going to Jedburgh; "And what business ha'e ye at Jedburgh?" says Wull. "Oh," says the gentleman, "I am going to attend the Circuit Court; but my feet have failed me on the road." And observing a pony in the farm-yard, he said "That's a bit nice pony of yours;—is it to sell?—would ye like to part with it?" "A wad nae care," Wull says; "but my brother Geordy, he's the fitter; and he's at Selkirk the day. But if we could get a guid price for it, a dare-say we might part with it?" "What do you ask for it?" says the stranger. "Ma brother," quoth Wull, "says it's a thing we ha'e nae use for, and if we could get ought of a wae-like price for it, it would be as weel to let it gang."

There were only two words to the bargain, the gentleman and Wull agreed. Says the gentleman, "By the way, I can't pay you to-night, but if you have any hesitation about me, my name is Henry Brougham, and I refer you to the Earl of Buchan, or Mr. George Currie, of Greenhead, who will satisfy you?"—It will be observed that the places of residence of this nobleman, and Henry's brother advocate, Mr. Currie, were in the neighbourhood. On this reference, without making any inquiry honest Wull immediately gave the gentleman the pony, with the necessary trappings.

Wull being a man of orderly habits, went early to bed; and next morning, when the business of the farm called him and Geordy together, says Wull to Geordy, "Ye was unco late in coming hame last night;—Aw sell the pony?"

"And who did you sell it to?" says Geordy. "Oh, to a young gentleman." "And what did ye get for it?" Wull having mentioned the price,—"My faith," says

Geordy, "ye ha'e sellt it weel." "But," says Wull, "a didna get the seller." "You —— idiot, ye did na' gie away the pony without getting the seller for; who was he?" "Oh, he ca'd himself Henry Brougham, and he said if a had any jealousie' about him, that the Earl of Buchan, or George Currie, advocate, Greenhead, would say he was guid enough for the money. Oh, he was an honest looking lad; a could ha' trusted ony thing in his hand." Geordy's temper became quite ungovernable at Wull's simplicity. After the whole Southern Circuit was finished, there was no word of payment, and Wull's life became quite miserable at Geordy's incessant grumbling and taunting; the latter ever and anon repeating, "What a —— idiot Wull was, to gie the beast away without the money till a man be kend naething about; and the other as perniciously insisting, "that he (the gentleman) was an honest-looking man, there was nae fear of him." In the course of six weeks an order came for the payment of the steed. "L—d," says Wull, "didna I tell ye he was an honest man, a' kend by the look of him?"

From that moment Wull stood eminently high in Geordy's eyes; and while one chuckled at his penetration of character, the other was no less humbled at having called his superior judgment in question.

William Hall is still alive, and there is not a prouder man in Britain's Isle than he is, when he relates the little incident in his life, of which the present Lord Chancellor of Great Britain forms the hero.—*Scholar-muster.*

#### CLIQUE OF BELGIUM.

LOUISE MARIE THÉRÈSE CHARLOTTE ISABELLE.

The Court Journal contains a biographical notice of the young Queen, from which we make extracts. It is panegyrical, if it does not flatter.

The Queen of Belgium is the eldest daughter of Louis Philippe, King of France; her mother is the daughter of Ferdinand, King of the Two Sicilies, and grand-daughter of the Empress Maria Theresa. The Queen was born at Palermo, April 3, 1812, and is consequently now in the 21st year of her age.

The memoir of a young Princess who has passed her life in the bosom of her family, must necessarily be brief; indeed, it must almost entirely be confined to traits of mind and character. Until the day of her marriage, this accomplished Princess devoted herself to her studies, which were particularly to her source of the greatest delight; she studied with the greatest assiduity the most important and profound works of philosophy and history, and attended the lectures of the different Professors, who are generally the first literary characters in France. In all her occupations, she proposed to herself the perfection of her own mind and character by moral improvement; and this line of conduct had an extraordinary influence even over all the persons of her household.

The Princess, for many years, kept a book in which she daily recorded passing occurrences, and her own reflections thereon, a record displaying her sound mind and vivacity of imagination.

The extreme benevolence of the Princess, was the theme of general praise in France; the principal portion of her income was given to *les pauvres de l'humanité* and from being in the habit, early in the morning, accompanied by a *l'assistance d'Humanité*, of visiting the poor and distressed, she was usually designated by them as *Notre Argent*.

In France, every person has the right of presenting petitions to the King in person; and considering the ambitious character of the people, and their desire for honours and advancement, these petitions, which may in a degree be regarded as of a private character, are very numerous. Such, however, was the confidence of King Louis Philippe in the talents and integrity of his eldest daughter, that to her he confided the office of investigating, analyzing, and reporting upon these documents, a responsible duty which she executed so as to give general satisfaction.

As a proof of the strength of her mind, and the firmness of her character, it may be observed, that at one period, it was suggested that it would be as well to postpone the nuptials with King Leopold, until affairs should become more settled in Belgium; but to this the Princess observed, that having witnessed the revolution and political events in France, she could entertain no fears respecting other changes.

The regret of every one connected with the French Court, on her quitting France, was most marked. By the poor, and the household of her father, her loss will be severely felt; the former observed, that they were about to lose *leur ange gardien*.

The reign of Maria Theresa is considered by the Belgians as the happiest epoch in their history; and their high respect for her memory is not less than that entertained in France for *Henri Quatre*. Indeed it may be said, notwithstanding all that has been published concerning the character of the Belgians, (and it is not to be denied, that they have full claim to be considered *frondeurs*;) that they have the most enthusiastic attachment to the memory of such of their ancient sovereigns who studied their interests and respected their rights and privileges. The names of Prince Charles de Lorraine and of the Empress Marie Theresa are most popular throughout the kingdom; their portraits are everywhere to be seen; they are religiously preserved in families of the first respectability, and even by the peasants. The circumstance did not escape King Leopold; and he availed himself of it to attach the new dynasty to the *souvenir* of an ancient one. Accordingly, in presenting his Queen to the Magistrates of Brussels, his Majesty said—*Elle est la petite fille de Marie Theresa, qui animait les Belges, et que les Belges n'ont point oubliée*.

Since her arrival in Belgium, the Queen has done all in her power to obtain the affection of every class of the people. Wherever she has been she has presented tokens of her satisfaction and kindness; and her gifts are invariably accompanied by letters to the parties, in her own hand-writing.

The people of Belgium have in every way evinced their gratification at the marriage of the King.

#### ROYAL WEDDING PRESENTS.

An account of the presents made by King Leopold to the Princess Louise on his marriage, which had we met with in time we should have appended to our notice of that celebration, we now subjoin:

"It is the custom of the Continent for a bridegroom to present to his lady, on the eve of their union, a handsome collection of jewels, contained in what is called a *corbeille de noces*. The fashion of the *corbeilles* varies from season to season. The *corbeille* presented by King Leopold to the Princess Louise, consisted of a gothic chest of ebony, inlaid with silver, in a damask pattern, and studded with oriental pearls. This, we must add, sounds somewhat funeral, but its contents offered an ample apology. In the first place, a magnificent suite of diamonds, consisting of a necklace, comb, and wreath of wheat ears, the latter made so as to take to pieces, and become applicable in various other forms; besides a variety of brooches, intended for looping up the drapery of court dresses, and clasping on bouquets. A complete suite of different coloured stones, mounted in gold so lightly that the setting was invisible, and a great variety of wheat ears in emerald, chrysoprase, jacinth, topazes, chrysolites, and other stones, representing wheat in every shade of its growth. A set of Neapolitan shells, and another of antique cameos, richly set in gold, besides a great variety of gold chains, some light, others very massive. Two studs for eight dresses, of large single diamonds. Eight cashmere shawls, four being square, and four long ears in every variety of lace, viz. Alencon and Brussels point, Lisle, Mechlin, Valenciennes, Chantilly; besides some curious varieties in cashmere, embroidered with gold, silver, and pearls. A dress of silk muslin (one of the new French stuffs) embroidered in bunches of grapes, of which the fruit was composed of amethysts. A dress of Chinese silk, painted in bouquets of flowers by the hands of the first artist; enclosed in a case of japon, painted in flowers *a la Chinoise*, and richly gilt. A great variety of what are called *Cordeaux de Corbeille*, or wedding crescents, accompanied this beautiful chest. Among others, a set of chintz ornaments, *a la Francise*, consisting of clock, candlesticks, and vases, composed of oak leaf, green enamel and gold. A breakfast service to match, with a beautiful plateau of the same. Another breakfast service of silver gilt. A dressing-case, work-box, and writing-desk, *en suite*, of crystal and gold, lined with rich velvet. Several beautiful cases of oriental japan, filled with birds of Paradise, heron's feathers, marabout and ostrich feathers, and the richest plumes, in all their varieties. Several pieces of velvet, brocade, blonde, gold and silver stuffs, and rich silks of every description; besides an infinite variety of trinkets and ornaments for the embellishment of a dressing-room or boudoir, each contained in a travelling case of the richest kind. The *trousseau*, or wedding clothes, presented by Louis Philippe to his daughter, were of corresponding magnificence, and were forwarded to Brussels some days previous to the marriage."

**THE POLE AND THE PARISIAN.**—The following narrative is being the round of the French papers:—"Ten years ago, M. Joseph Straszewich, a young Lithuanian enjoying a very large fortune, made a visit of pleasure to Paris, and lodged at the *Hôtel des Bains*, in the Rue St. Thomas du Louvre. One morning, as he was on the point of going out to keep an appointment, a young man of interesting appearance, in a state of great agitation, came into his apartment, and said, 'You are a Pole; I have served with your brave countrymen under Napoleon; I know that they never refused to render a service when it was in their power. With this confidence I came to tell you that I am suffering from an unexpected loss. I have immediate need of a sum of money (which he named). To you this is a trifle; to me it will rescue my wife and children from despair.' The sum though not considerable, was too much to give to a man who had no claims, and who did not even mention his name. M. de Straszewich hesitated a moment, but the next humanity overcame prudence, and he placed it in the hand of the supplicant. Upon the recent insurrection in Poland, M. de Straszewich took up arms in the cause of his country; this being lost, his estate was confiscated, and himself again in Paris, as a refugee. A few days ago a gentleman entered his lodgings, and asked him if he recollects his person. M. Straszewich answered him in the negative, and the visitor then declared himself to be the person whom he had formerly saved from ruin, and said 'Though you may have forgotten that act of benevolence, I have not. I know your misfortunes, and am come to repay the money so kindly advanced, with interest,' at the same time placing upon the table a sum amounting to about double that which had been so generously advanced. The visitor then declared that he was M. L—, at the head of a commercial house at Bordeaux, in great prosperity, which he owed entirely to M. Straszewich. M. L— then urged his benefactor to come to visit his family, who would receive him with open arms. M. Straszewich accepted the original sum advanced, but refused the interest, declaring that he could never make up his mind to derive any profit from money laid

out under the circumstances. He expressed his acknowledgment for such invitation to Bordeaux, but declined it, resolved to maintain his independence. This noble-minded Pole is the author of the beautiful work, with engravings, entitled *Les Polonais et les Polonoises*.<sup>3</sup>

## THE CONSTELLATION.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 3, 1832

## LETTERS FROM THE WEST.

LETTER II.

Buffalo, N. Y. 9th Nov. 1831.

MY DEAR A.—A few very pleasant days have been occupied in an excursion to the grand cataract—the wonder of the western world. Passing down Lake Erie on the American side, 23 miles, you come to the little village of Manchester, where are to be found most excellent accommodations at the "Eagle." Travellers should rest here as many days as they can spare. Each repeated visit to Goat Island will increase their admiration, for in contradiction to the generally received opinion, I conceive the finest and most interesting view of the Falls is had from the extremity of the bridge on the Terrapin rock. The island also abounds in interesting walks, and from many additional points the falls are viewed to great advantage. The inhabitants of Manchester are much interested in a projected Rail-road from Buffalo to Lewiston: the ground is very favorable, the distance only 30 miles, and if a charter can be obtained, I have little doubt that the stock will be profitable; as independent of the great number of travellers each season visiting Niagara, the greater part of the produce from Lake Erie destined for a market on the St. Lawrence would be conveyed by this route. All visitors to the Falls should view them from both sides; the passage across, which is perfectly safe, affords another fine view, and from the table-rock the view is full of grandeur. Returning to Buffalo on the British side, and crossing at Black Rock, the distance is about 21 miles. From Chippawa to Queenston, a distance of 10 miles, it is contemplated to construct a Rail-road; this would also be very favorable ground, and afford another opportunity of transporting merchandise from one Lake to the other with great expedition and little expense. In the success of these undertakings, including the Welland Canal, the whole country is interested—as the greater the facility in transporting the products of the country to the principal markets on the Atlantic and St. Lawrence, and the lower the price at which they may be carried, in an equal ratio is the increased profit of the producer and value of the land. I wish them all a speedy completion.

Your friend, E.

## FORGETFULNESS, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

One Bamerick, a shoemaker of Dublin, had long possessed a desire to work for Dean Swift, and to accomplish which he procured recommendations from many of the dean's friends. The dean accordingly gave him an order for a pair of boots, adding, "When shall I have them?" "On Saturday next," said the shoemaker. "I hate disappointments," rejoined the dean, "nor would have you disappoint others; set your own time and keep to it." "I thank your reverence," replied Bamerick, "I desire no longer time than Saturday, on which evening you will be sure to have them, without fail."

The boots were accordingly finished to the time, but in the hurry of business, Bamerick forgot to carry them home till Monday evening. When the dean drew the boots on, and found them to his mind, he said, "Mr. Bamerick, you have answered the commendation of your friends, but you have disappointed me, for I was to have been at Sir Arthur Asheon's, in the county of Armagh, on this day." "Indeed, and indeed, your reverence," said Bamerick, "the boots were finished to the time, but really, in the pressure of business, I did forget to bring them home."

The dean gave him one of his stern looks; and after a pause enquired if he understood gardening as well as boot-making?" "No, sir," replied Bamerick, "but I have seen some very fine gardens in England." "Aye, indeed," replied Swift, "come then, I must show you the improvements I have made in the deanery garden."

Bamerick accordingly followed the dean, who pointed out the different alterations, &c. he had made, till they got to the further end, when the dean suddenly stopped as if recollecting something. "Ah!" exclaimed he, "I must step in, but Mr. Bamerick, you can amuse yourself and stay here till I come back;" saying which he walked away, and on quitting the garden, locked the door, and put the key into his pocket.

Bamerick amused himself by walking about till it began to grow dark, when not finding the dean return, he at last ventured to follow him, and on arriving at the gate, was surprised to find it locked. He knocked and called several times, but no one came; and he found himself securely confined between high

walls, on a dark and cold night in the month of March. Knowing the character of the dean for occasional absence, he set down the dilemma as an accident, for he had not the least suspicion of his being confined intentionally.

At the usual hour the deanery servants went to bed, and the dean remained in his study till two in the morning. He then went into the hall, drew the charges from a blunderbuss and other fire-arms, returned to his study and rang the bell; which was immediately attended by his butler. "Robert," said he, "I have been much disturbed by a noise on the garden side, I fear some robbers must have broken in; give me a lanthorn, and call up Saunders."

Having procured a lanthorn, the dean went into the hall and stayed with the fire-arms till the men came. "Now," said Swift, "arm yourselves and follow me." Having unlocked the gate, they entered the garden, where the light soon attracted poor Bamerick, who came running towards them. Upon his approach the dean exclaimed, "There's the robber! shoot him! shoot him!"

Robert and Saunders presented, and Bamerick, greatly alarmed, fell on his knees and begged his life. The dean coming forward, held the lanthorn to the face of the supposed robber, and exclaimed with feigned surprise, "Merey on us! Mr. Bamerick, how came you here?" "Oh! sir," said Bamerick, "don't you remember you left me here in the evening?" "This evening?" replied the dean; "ah, now I recollect, so I did; but I had quite forgot it, Mr. Bamerick—as you did the boots—however," turning to the butler, "Robert, give Mr. Bamerick some warm wine, and both of you set him safe home."

THE ANGLER, A SRETEN.—Any sport this morning, sir, said I to an old gentleman who was quietly seated by the side of the Hudson, armed with a rod and pendant line." "No sir" was the short reply. "Yesterday, sir?" I continued. "No sir!" "Day before, sir?" "No sir!" "Pray, sir, may I be allowed to ask when you were last successful?" "Tuesday week, sir, and Wednesday fortnight." "What might you have taken then, sir?" "Tuesday," replied this morning "Izask," "I got a bite, and on Wednesday a whole nibble." "You are partial to angling," I pursued. "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Are often here, I suppose?" "From sunrise to sunset every day, sir, Sundays excepted."

"My good lads," said I to two boys who were carelessly playing on the banks, "pray go farther off or you will certainly fall in, and your deaths will be the consequence." "Worse than that, sir," said the old gentleman. "Worse, sir?" enquired I. "Much worse, sir," replied this disciple of Walton, "frighten the fish!"

THE TOKEN AND ATLANTIC SOUVENIR  
FOR 1833.

We have been much gratified with the sixth annual volume from the press of Messrs. Gray & Bowen of Boston.

The annual which hitherto appeared under the title of the "Atlantic Souvenir" has been united with the Token; and the union for talent, embellishments, typography and binding, is the most successful that has yet been offered to the public.

Amid such an "illuminated literary garden," we feel at a loss where to commence; we must, however, notice two or three engravings, which struck us as very superior.

DELHI, from a drawing by Purser, engraved by J. B. Neagle, is exceedingly well executed; we wish the subject, however, had been more of the interior of that ancient Eastern city.

THE VISIT OF THE POOR RELATIONS, engraved by Pelton from a picture by Stephanoff, is a very superior plate.

Leslie's picture of TOUCHESTONE AND AUDREY, is engraved in a masterly style by Alexander Lawson. The dogmatic dignity of the jester gives us all the spirit of John Fawcett, so long the Touchstone of Covent Garden Theatre, London, who for wit, ease and impudence in this and similar characters was unrivaled. In the village beauty, Audrey, we have all the archness, and the rustic coquetry of Mrs. Gibbs, with her *chapeau de paille*, sun-flower bouquet, and *sabots*; while the clown brings to our recollection the drolleries of "little Simmons"; three sterling performers who never appeared in this scene at Covent Garden without keeping the "whole house in a roar." Leslie has been very happy in his subject, and Mr. Lawson has not permitted the fame of his brother artist to suffer for want of talented execution in the engraving. This plate alone, borrowing a technical phrase, would "sell" the volume.

J. Cheney's PORTRAIT is a clever engraving, and in a style that is very imposing.

Among the literary contributors to this annual will be found the names of Mrs. Sigourney, Miss H. F. Gould, and Miss Sedgwick; Messrs. Pierpoint, Vere, Gray, Thomson, Rockwell, Thatcher, and "all the better brothers"; and if, with such a display of talent,

there should be found among the numerous readers which this volume will possess, an individual so fastidious in taste, judgment, &c. as to be one iota dissatisfied, we shall at once conclude, he is a crabbed old bachelor, or she a difficult lady of a certain age, who is—who does not choose to "alter her condition."—hem!

A HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN THEATRE, by William Dunlop—published by Messrs. Harper. We have received a copy of this volume, modestly called by the talented author "A history of," &c.—we have a kindred sympathy with modesty—some writer, whom we have forgotten, says—"true genius is always accompanied by modesty"—and we fully concur in his opinion, for we know no man so competent to the task of writing the dramatic history of America as the author, Mr. D. We are here furnished with a vast fund of theatrical information, from the year 1741, when William Hallam succeeded Garrick as proprietor and manager of the Theatre in Goodman's Fields, to the first dramatic representation by a regular company in America in 1752, and down to the present time. Like the equestrian Ducrow, Mr. Dunlop rides on two horses at the same time, and with equal skill, for not only are we presented with the American History, but we have also some valuable information of the English Stage.

The biographical sketches, criticisms, scenes, anecdotes, and facéties contained in this volume, will render it exceedingly popular; while, with the theatrical reader, the work will take a much higher grade, as affording a full and impartial history of that most chequered of all pursuits, the drama, and its votaries.

WORKING MEN'S SHIELD.—Several numbers of this paper have reached us; it is published in the City of the West—Cincinnati—by Richard C. Langdon, and from the great variety of its contents, we should judge must be successful.

THE SPIRIT OF WASHINGTON.—We have received three numbers of this clever little paper, devoted to Literature, Science, Agriculture, Domestic Economy, with a touch of politics. It is published semi-weekly, at Lexington, Ky. on good paper, and a handsome type, at the moderate charge of \$3 per annum.

## THE DRAMA.

Park Theatre.—A new comedy in three acts, entitled "My own Lover," has been twice performed at the Park, with decided success. The piece is a very amusing one, and contains some pretty music. The performance on Wednesday evening was throughout good. Mr. Wallack was perfectly at home in "Don Vincent," a person whom "public report" declared a "rake," and Miss Clara Fisher personated "Donna Julia" and Don Antonio in a most spirited manner. These are the leading characters of the piece. There was also much good acting by Mrs. Sharpe, Messrs. Fisher and Richings. Our favorite, Placide, also was perfectly "in place"—When is he otherwise? Mr. Jones, whose performance was frequently very good, might appear to greater advantage if more easy in his carriage, and if he would remove his hat in some scenes, in which certainly it is not becoming to keep it on. We anticipate for *My own Lover* a "good run," as it is technically termed.

Italian Opera.—Elisa e Claudio and the Prima Dona, Signora Pedrotti, appear to have established the claim of the Opera to a full share of fashionable company. Some of our critics say *Pedrotti* is only, and a little, inferior to *Malibran Garcia*, while she is claimed to be the best tragic actress. If she can become as popular as Madame Malibran, the success of the Opera is no longer doubtful.

About five years back, Mr. Wight, a gentleman attached to the "Morning Herald," London paper, published a volume, entitled "Mornings at Bow Street," being a selection of the most humorous police reports at that office. The work, to use a bibliopolic phrase, "sold remarkably well," being, from the nature of its contents, well suited to the disposition of the "fun loving public." Adapting the idea suggested by this publication, we have made arrangements in our columns for a weekly digest of police cases, assize reports, &c. embracing "the humorous, the singular, and the non-descriptive," which we shall class under the head of

## DOGBERRY'S NOTE BOOK.

NO. 1.

BOW ST.—The Frenchman's Appeal.—A Frenchman entered the office on Wednesday night, with his head bound up, and in a piteous state, in broken English, implored Mr. Minshull to grant a warrant against a dentist residing somewhere about Long-acre.

The Magistrate asked the applicant what crime the dentist had committed?

Frenchman: Oh, Sare, he has done very mush bad; he has drawn de wrong teeth, and he has broke my mouth.

Mr. Minshull: If he has performed the operation unskillfully, you may go to an attorney and bring your action.

Frenchman: De diable, action; No, Sare, you must do justice for dis mush bad. He draw de good teeth, and leave in de bad one, and break a my mouth.

Mr. Minshull took a good deal of trouble to convince the applicant that he had no jurisdiction in such a case, but he would not believe it, and his gestures were so comical, and the action so violent, that the Magistrate and every one present could not refrain from laughing. He exclaimed, "you no laugh if you no eat one piece as big as dat (showing the end of his finger) for one two week (tonight.)

Mr. Minshull assured the poor man, who appeared to have suffered very seriously, that he deeply sympathised with him, and regretted that he could render him no assistance.

The Frenchman left the office, exclaiming, "M. God, dis is justice—a rascal breaka my mouth, and he no punish."

WORSHIP STREET.—*Billy's Disaster*.—A pale-faced red-haired youth, with a long lanky physiognomy, charged Mrs. Brooks, to whom he was apprenticed, with an assault. The case excited much mirth from the lack-a-dashical manner in which the boy detailed the circumstances, and from the bustling anxiety of his father to impress on the Magistrates the importance of the charge.

"Now, Billy," said the father, "blow your nose, and tell his vorship all this dreadful business."

Billy then stated—After I'd eat my dinner on Saturday, I went and fetched some cat's meat on a *shaver*. My missus says, says she, "take it into the coal-hole;" when I got there, she told me to pull it off the *shaver*, and 'cause I didn't, missus blown me up.

"Why, I thought she assaulted you," said Mr. Walker.

"Oh," said the father, "wait, your vorship, the most serious part is to come. She actually struck Billy a most violent blow over the top of his head, which upset a *sarson* of water, a *bilng* on the fire. The truth is, my son has not strength in his *marres*."

Mrs. Brooks here interposed, and assured the Magistrate that although Billy appeared so simple before them, yet he had the "gift" of a saucy tongue. "I admit boxing his ears for his impudence; upon which he chose to leave my business and go home to his father. He came back a day or two after, and I then told him that, as he had stopped away for his own pleasure, he should now keep away for mine."

"Yes, your vorship," said the father, "and all the arter I paid a master of £20 premium, and bound him seven years to learn hair-dressing."

The Magistrate said that the business was too foolish to be further proceeded with; and dismissed the case.

MANSION HOUSE.—Soon after Mr. Alderman Ansley had taken his seat, a man in a working dress, amongst the crowd, attempted to force his way towards the table, which the officers endeavored to prevent.

The Alderman inquired who the person was, and what was his business? One of the officers said he was a drunken man who had gone to the Mansion house public house opposite, to get more drink, which had been refused, and he had come to his Worship to make his complaint, that he might compel them to serve him. (A laugh.)

The Alderman desired the officers to bring the complainant to the bar.

The complainant, holding up a shilling, said, "Please you, my Lord, this here shilling which I holds *atress* my finger and thumb, is my own money. I went into that there public house, over the way, and called for a pint of porter, and shewed 'em I had the shilling to pay for it; but the answer they gave me was, that they wouldn't serve me 'with nothing,' and so I came over here to tell your Lordship."

Mr. Alderman Ansley told the complainant that he should not say much to him then, but would take care of himself and his money till that hour to-morrow, by which time he would be sober. The complainant was then locked up till the next day.

MARLBOROUGH STREET.—Mrs. Peggy Costello and Mrs. Norah Teirney, a brace of masculine Irish ladies, came before Mr. Conant, to have their differences adjusted; the main object being to get Mrs. Norah bound over to keep the "pace" with all his Majesty's subjects in general, and Mrs. Peggy in particular.

The defendant is well known in Covent-garden market as a professor of the art and craft of the "tackle and ticket porters," engaging to carry any thing under three hundred weight, as basket woman; and the complainant, at the corner of a court in St. Giles's, dispenses halfpenny bunches of "ingangs" to the "pensive public."

Mrs. Costello had the advantage, as complainant of prior speaking, and appeared fully inclined to have kept all the talk to herself, had not Mr. Conant, the Magistrate, checked her manifold excursions into ex-

troupeous matter. Eventually it was elicited that several skirmishes had occurred between them, each time commenced by the defendant, who completed the series of assaults on Sunday morning by rushing upon her as she was passing the door, tearing her cap from her head, and inflicting ten handsome and well-meant scratches down her face with her finger nails.

"Here's me cap, as me wetness, plaze yer Wurtschip," said Mrs. Peggy, producing a quantity of tatters.

"Cap for cap," retorted Mrs. Norah, capering about the office, and shaking the ragged remnants of gauze before the Magistrate.

"Be me oath," said Mrs. Peggy. "she was drunk on that morning."

"Och! it's Mr. Buckland, the beadle who'll make a liar o' ye, Mistress Costello. He knows I'm never 'ale dhruin but twice in my life; once when I was married, and once when I waked my husband, whom I'm married to these twenty years."

"I've got two wetnesses to take oath of it, yer Wurtschip," said Mrs. Peggy.

"Don't let 'em in, yer Honour," said Mrs. Norah, "thim two helped to murther me on Sunday morning, and now they want to take me life agin."

"Hold your tongue," said the Magistrate.

"And why will I hoult me tongue," said Mrs. Norah, "whin they're going to hang me?"

"Well," said the Magistrate, "let me hear your story?"

"Thim, yer Wurtschip," said Mrs. Norah, "on Sunday morning I came home wid me basket, and as I had n't time to wash a clane cap, I says to my chider, 'Biddy,' says I, 'go and get the loan of the bel lows,' for I wanted to cook a few paratas, 'and may be, my darling,' says I, 'as Mistress Costello, has been at an Irish wake, she'll be dhruin, and ye'll borroy the sasspan too.' Thim did I hear Biddy cry murther, and says I, 'Och, they're killing you, me darling, and nobody but myself to save you.' Wid that I claps the last taste of coal, about as big as me two fistes, into the toe of an ould stocking, and may be I didn't give Mistress Costello a wip wid it. But, me Lord, she came wid two faymals, and trew herself on me, and bate the life out of me, and me houlding me head down, becase I didn't get a scraped face. 'And now, Mistress Costello,' says I, 'I've got the breath into me again, now, I'll have fair play wid ye. So come down into this court, and have it out, and this is the thing to do it,' says I, showing her fist. But, yer Wurtschip, she widn't come down, but goes and gets a warrant, and takes me into the prisence."

The Magistrates finding one party almost as much in fault as the other, dismissed the warrant upon the defendant's paying a portion of the costs.

#### GLEANINGS.

**Patriotism in Women.**—The love of country in the mind of a virtuous, reflecting, intellectual woman, should come next to her faith, her domestic affections, and her attachment to home. It ought never to mingle in party dissensions, or become the common topic of her thoughts or conversation; but, like the pure light of religion, it should be a quiet, deep rooted, unobtrusive principle, worthy of every sacrifice except that of the virtues which constitute the divinity of the sex.—*Westward Ho!*

**Ready loaded.**—A countryman was once looking at some fine English rifles, and expressing his admiration at the beautiful and highly polished weapons. The gentleman who owned them, told him they were to be sure very fine, and were all *cast*, stock, lock and barrel. 'The devil they are,' said Hodge. 'Oh yes,' replied the gentleman, 'and for a dollar more, they cast 'em *ready loaded*.'

**Grumbling below.**—George Stevens used to relate a story of a man that married a woman so much taller than himself, that if he wished to salute her, he was obliged to climb upon a table. 'This woman,' added George, 'if her husband was ever out of humour and complained, would look down as if from a two story window, and ask, "Who it was that kept grumbling there below?"'

**U or L.**—A gentleman and his friend passing thro' the Old Bailey soon after the institution of the drop, were stopped by an immense crowd, and on enquiring into the cause, were told that in a few minutes one Vowel was to be hanged. 'I wonder what Vowel it can be?' cried one of them. 'It is neither U or I,' replied the other, 'so let us pass on.'

#### Epitaph on a Scold.

Here lies the wife of neighbor Thomas,  
Whom death in mercy carried from us,  
That while alive she was so old,  
So homely, sluttish, such a scold,  
I've known her storm at such a rate  
That even chimney backs would sweat,  
And trammels through fear forgot to hold,  
And red hot coals of fire turn cold.  
Her husband never dropt a tear  
Until he'd laid her body here,  
And then he bellowed like a lout  
For fear she'd scratch her passage out.

**Fair Exchange.**—The low Irish have an ingenuity about them which our peasantry possess not. For instance, at the last Dublin sessions, a spalpeen, who

was indicted for stealing a fine sucking pig from the stall of a poultreer, alleged in his defence that he had lost a *squaker* out o' the sty about a twelve month before, and by jappers he thought this was him! The jury felt for his mistake, and acquitted him.—*Lon. pap.*

**Heavy damages.**—At Lexington, Ky., a suit for breach of promise of marriage, and seduction, was tried before the Circuit Court. The parties, Miss Clark of Clark county, plaintiff, and Mr. Rodgers of Fayette, defendant, were cousins. The damages were laid at \$10,000, and the Jury, after a patient investigation of the case, gave a verdict in favour of the plaintiff, for that sum. It is said that the circumstances of the case were so aggravated, that the Jury would have given a verdict for a much larger sum had it been claimed. We believe this is the largest verdict ever given in the United States in any similar case."

**Along march!**—The Union Troop, of Lancaster, are ordered to meet at the house of Col. Baker, in that place, on Tuesday, the 16th inst. thence to march to *Paradise!* provided with every thing necessary for three days' encampment, where several other companies are expected to join them.

**Drunken City.**—Plato, speaking of the Bacchana, says he has seen the whole city of Athens drunk at one time.

**Dispatch.**—In a late German paper it is stated that M. Wagner, woollen manufacturer of Meinengen, "within one and the same day, wove and dyed a piece of cloth, the wool for which was sheared from the sheep's back at 4 in the morning, and was metamorphosed into a coat by 6 in the afternoon of the same day!" We, however, remember a similar phenomenon in the town of Newbury, Berks, England, some years ago: the coat was worn at a dinner the same evening, by the late Duke of Bedford. In this instance, however, the shearing did not commence till 8 A. M. the process being dispatched by the English manufacturer 4 hours quicker than by M. Wagner.

**Old Maids.**—The Edinburgh Review says these lay sisters of charity are the comfort and salvation of so many families, that every home appears to us imperfect which has not the good fortune to have one of them appended to it.

**Electoral Anecdote.**—The agent of a Conservative Peer in the county of Edinburgh called on one of his tenants, and said he had brought a message from his Lordship requesting him to vote for Sir Geo. Clerk Tenant, "I was just going to send a message to my Lord to ask him to vote for Sir Jn. Dalrymple." Agent, "I am afraid that answer will lose you your farm." Tenant, "I am afraid your message will lose his Lordship a tenant. He has got a great deal more of my capital already than he will ever get again."—*Glasgow Chronicle.*

**Extravagance.**—A great deal has been said of the prodigality evinced in Mr. Watson Taylor's silver fire-shovel and tongs. At Burleigh, Denham, and many other noble houses, the dogs (for wood fires), tenders, &c. of the State rooms, are formed of silver plate. At Ham House, the bellows, brush-handle, fire-shovel, tongs, &c. in one room (the Tapestry room), are all of silver, exquisitely chased.

**Poet's Expedition.**—M. Alphonse de Lamartine has just left France on a poetical tour. He has freighted, at his own expense, L'Alceste, a brig of 300 tons, commanded by Captain Le Blanc. He takes with him his wife and their only daughter, Mlle. Julie, who is just ten years old. He intends first to visit Constantinople, thence to proceed to Jerusalem, Palmyra, and Balbec, if the Arabs will allow him; it being his aim to pass into Egypt, and ascend the Nile as far as Thebes. M. de Lamartine is to winter at Smyrna, and in the spring see the isles of the Archipelago, and return home through Italy. "Such," he observes, "is the plan of my long and adventurous voyage. I do not calculate upon writing; I go to seek a purely personal inspiration on this great theatre of the religious and political events of the ancient world; I go to read, before I die, the finest pages of the material creation. If poetry should find them fertile in new inspirations and images, I shall content myself with gathering them into the silence of my thought, to colour a little the literary future which may remain for me."

**New Churches.**—During the past year it appears, from the Parliamentary Report made by the commissioners that 20 new churches and chapels, with accommodation for 26,361 persons, including 11,039 free seats, have been erected under their superintendence. There are 19 churches and chapels in progress, and plans for 8 others have been approved of. The commissioners have proposed grants in aid of 11 new churches and chapels.—*Lond. pap.*

**To Correspondents.**—J. C. of Lexington: We cannot do less than meet his wishes when so politely expressed. The Constellation it was presumed had 'sparkled' in his quarter, some weeks back, and we are sorry to learn our 'brilliancy' has not reached him regularly via Mail.

To Mr. Robert Shaw, we can only say, 'Psha! Mr. Robert.'

#### HENRI SANSON, The Public Executioner in Paris.

Nothing of the sublimity of horror is associated in the mind of an Englishman with the mention of "Jack Ketch;" we even denote him by a pleasant *sobriquet*; we feel no convulsive shudder when we hear of his whereabouts; we do not cross over the way when we meet him in Fleet-street. We regard him, with the exception of his drunkenness, some trifling brutality of manner, a rather too prominent expression of contempt for the refinements of society, "taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses," as a mighty respectable professor in his own way. Perhaps the familiarity which our laws permit between him and the public may have detracted from all that should have been impressive about him. But "*l'exécuteur des hautes œuvres*" is regarded in France in a far different and more formidable light. Altho' a resident in the centre of the French capital, he is never seen, but in the public performance of his dreadful duty:—a degree of caution and not unpolitic mystery is attached to him; and such are the feelings his very name excites, that the mere announcement of his presence, in the common walks of life, would render the very Boulevards sacred to himself alone; would disperse the myriads of barkeaders in the noontide of their patriotic travail; would calm the tremendous clamours of the Chamber of Deputies, and prologue or dissolve it without the solemnity of proclamation; should he deign to usher in the Due de Bordeaux, he might clear a way for him to the Tuilleries and the throne without dread of competition or resistance. The mandates of the *Procureur Général* himself, which summon him to his duty, are deposited in a *bouche de fer*, inserted in the large and massive iron grating that guards the entrance to his dwelling; for, perhaps, not one could be found, daring and reckless enough of popular opinion, to consign them in person to their terrible address. He reads and obeys. In the darkness and depth of night, with his assistants, he arranges the materials of death: no words are spoken as he labours in his awful calling; the feeble light, which enables him to prepare the machinery, glimmering on the scaffold, renders the guards who surround it barely discernible, while they, motionless and dumb, seem rather phantoms of the night than breathing men. It allowed to trace such an official to the solitude of his shunned abode—to see him seated, Crusoe-like, beside his hearth, and to consider the economy of his unprofessional hours—something might be learned of good or ill which might point a moral, if it would not adorn a tale. To him it has been given to know the last looks, words, and actions of many, unobscured by affection or deceit; the secret affections of numbers long concealed from the world's view have been laid open, once and briefly, yet prominently, to his sight. He has witnessed the eloquence of remorse or of innocence, at the hour of death, when the retrospect of a lengthened life of sin or misfortune has been comprehended, perhaps, in one last sentence, one parting word or look, more emphatic than all that "saint or sophist ever wrot." Grave reflections these; but they were passing through my mind as I rung at the bell of a small, neat house in the *Rue des Morais du Temple*: the door being opened, I was ushered into a low, well-furnished room, wherein a man, of the age of sixty, was employed touching the keys of a piano with his right hand, while his left arm embraced a child about ten years old, of remarkable beauty, whose features strongly resembled him who held her. This old man was Henri Sanson, the public executioner of Paris! Having previously adapted my address to one whom I had imagined in my mind as bearing in his traits the repulsive records of his trade, I had to re-order my ideas and assume a different manner; for, as I contemplated his mild and open countenance, in which manly beauty was not wanting, I felt myself bound to acknowledge, by a corresponding courtesy of demeanour, the salutations of a man of the world, wholly free from embarrassment or affectation. The intention of composing a treatise on the various public punishments adopted at different epochs of French legislation was offered by me as an apology for the unaccustomed intrusion to which he was subjected. He politely acceded to my request for information, and conducted me to a chamber containing a large and well selected library. Here, all the awkwardness I had previously felt, as to discourse with the singular being who stood before me, was at once dismissed, and the titles of the various volumes which I examined soon led to free conversation, during which my host displayed great taste and judgment in his observations on the various works I had brought under his notice, expressing himself as one who did who had profited largely by what he had read. It was clear that his books formed his chief society: abandoned by the world, he can here hold converse with the illustrious dead, and can render himself familiar with the sentiments of the good and great, of the present or a past age, without dread of the expression of that scorn, disgust, and horror that would attend any attempt at personal communication with his fellow-men. Sanson loves to talk, and talks exceedingly well; but, in the whole course of a visit of two hours, which was prolonged by the interest excited in me by this extraordinary person, he forgot not a moment the distance placed between him and society in gene-

ral. He showed that he was fully aware of his situation, and does not affect to despise the feeling it is calculated to produce in others; but, having made up his mind to sustain it, calls up all his philosophy (for it may well be termed so) to support him in an existence without the pale of social intercourse. As I took leave of him, (I know not whether from forgetfulness or otherwise,) I held out my hand. His countenance suddenly changed as he drew back several steps from me; it expressed astonishment and confusion: all his ease of manner had fled at once, and I was again reminded of "*la Main Sanglante*!"—*Whitaker's Monthly Mag.*

**A Love Affair.**—Between an industrious Dumfriessian, and a fair domestic in a gentleman's family, mutual admiration passed through the usual stages of acquaintance, friendship, tenderness, attachment; for, as Dr. Gregory remarks, in his legacy to his daughters, a woman's friendship for a man is pretty nearly akin to love. In their hearts at least the parties were united; but the course of true love never yet ran smooth; a quarrel arose, originating in some trifling circumstance, and from lovers they ceased to be even friends. When they met they no longer knew each other, and as this occurred pretty often, the maiden determined to avoid encounters harassing to her feelings in a high degree, by joining certain relatives and friends who were about to embark for the shores of America. This resolution was finally come to, two days previous to the sailing of the Hercules, and that vessel, in fact, should have been under weigh, before the unfortunate swain received the slightest hint of the other's movements. The news fell upon him like a thunderbolt; while pride and pique melted away, love returned more strongly than ever, and as there was now no time for deliberation, he immediately procured a horse, and directed his steps to the shores of the Solway. But he was too late; the ship had sailed, was even in the distance; and there he stood gazing as Juno when he gained the heights of Lisbon, gazed on the Royal Family of Braganza, already in the offing, and beyond his grasp—just, it may be added, in the "nick of time." However different the cause, the feeling was the same; but love again nerved his heart; his gallant steed was exchanged for a boat, and with the aid of skilful rowers, away he went careering over the waves, with his eyes intently fixed on the moving object that contained all that was dear to him in the world. Want of water, or some other accident, forced the brig Hercules to slacken sail: the boat in this way got alongside; the lover leapt on board and claimed his bride; and anon a scene ensued which we dare not at present venture to describe, beyond quoting the words of Burns—

"She gazed—she reddened like the rose,  
Swept past as any lily;  
She fell into his arms and cried,  
Art thou my ain dear Wullie?"

All's well that ends well; a marriage ensued; the parties are happy; bid fair to continue so, and thrive in the world; and will live, we trust, many years, to laugh at the bit of romance which revealed a secret that pride had concealed, imparted additional interest to their nuptials, and confirmed the opinion of Miss Lydia Languish, that there is no fun in a marriage at all, that does not originate in an escapade, a race, a chase, and a paragraph in the newspapers.

**BLUNDERS ABOUT BYRON.**—A Dublin paper attributes the lines—

"That in the Captain's 'tut a choler word,  
Which in the Solider is flat blasphemy,"

to Lord Byron—it being Shakspeare's, and in *Measure for Measure*. In return, we remember not very long ago a newspaper of the same city gave Mr. O'Connell's favourite couplet—

"Ho'ary ho'ome! know ye not  
That those who would be free must strike the blow?"

which happens to be in "Childe Harold," to Shakespeare. We find in the ordinary editions of Lord Byron the lines on the Bible—

"Within this sacred volume lies," &c., which are actually in the "Monastery," and, of course, Sir Walter Scott's; and we have been informed—but are not sure of the correctness of our information—that the playful lines on Sir J. C. Hobhouse's first return for Westminster—

"Would you wish to get into the House by a true gate,  
Faster than ever the famous Whig Charley went," &c., also in the collection of Lord Byron's poems, were not written by him in mere sport, but by a Tory gentleman in pure spleen.

**HEARTS OF CRIMINALS.**—A correspondent says—  
"As an addition to the list of criminals mentioned in your Gazette, in whom a peculiar formation of the heart has been observed, I would beg to add the name of Smithers. On dissecting his body at the London University, the heart was found to be on the right side, and the spleen and other viscera on the opposite to that, which is unusual."

**TOASTS.**—What is a toast? A pretext for getting drunk.—*Le Cercle.*

**Miss Jebsbury.**—The author of some sweet poetry, &c. has been married to the Rev. W. V. Fletcher, Chaplain to the East India Company.

**Madame Malibran.**—The French journals tell us, married to the admirable violinist De Beriot, has set out for Naples via Rome. We hear that she is likely to appear next season at Covent Garden.

## THE CONSTELLATION.

## BEHAVIOUR BEFORE FOLK.

Five or six years ago, a lively piece, commencing "Behave yourself before folk," was published by a Scottish poet, and received a good deal of praise. Some of our readers may have met with it, though not in the *Atlas*, which was not then in existence, and they at least, and we presume others, will be pleased with the following re-translation.

By Alex. Rodger.

Can I behave, can I behave,  
Can I behave before folk,  
When, wily elf, your sleeky self,  
Gars me gang gyte before folk?

In a' ye do, in a' ye say,  
Ye've a' a' paylins, cooing wae,  
What may poor wae ty be laid axay,  
A' th' dugs me doof before folk?

Can I behave, &c.,

Can I behave, &c.,  
Will ye ensome, can I flesome,  
To kiss you, though before folk?

Can I flesome, doo dunting clack,  
What lugs a' a' paylins, cooing wae,  
Yet, howl a' a' paylins, cooing wae,  
As when ye die, before folk?

Can I behave, &c.,

Can I behave, &c.,  
When a' a' gude honest a' wae,  
Kiss me—before folk?

That is, like Eve's forbidden fruit,  
Sweet, a' a' paylins, cooing wae,  
What I maine peck, is, & I shouldnae,  
A' twenty times—before folk?

Can I behave, &c.,

Can I behave, &c.,  
When a' a' gude honest a' wae,  
So roun a' a' wae—before folk?

That gauden hair we saws before,  
That a' a' paylins, cooing wae,  
That a' a' paylins, cooing wae,  
Pray me, till the blosom fall?

Can I behave, &c.,

Can I behave, &c.,  
When a' a' gude honest a' wae,  
So roun a' a' wae—before folk?

And a' that paylins, cooing wae,  
Nae gauden hair at Blackheath,  
Laws, for my wae, for by,  
Pray me, till the blosom fall?

Can I behave, &c.,

Can I behave, &c.,  
When a' a' gude honest a' wae,  
So roun a' a' wae—before folk?

Young, that were we last aye,  
A' a' a' paylins, cooing wae,  
We'll, can't we be no lasses in thea,  
What lugs a' a' paylins, cooing wae?

Can I behave, &c.,

Can I behave, &c.,  
Young, that were we last aye,  
So roun a' a' wae—before folk?

But a' of this has been said,  
Young, that were we last aye,  
Young, that were we last aye,  
What lugs a' a' paylins, cooing wae?

Can I behave, &c.,

Can I behave, &c.,  
Young, that were we last aye,  
So roun a' a' wae—before folk?

AN IRISH CAPITAL, I. AMPLIFICATION.

Sir Jonah Barrington describes, in his Sketches, an expedition to a capital affair, in which one of his brothers performed the happy character of bridegroom. The wedding was conducted on a splendid scale, which included a good deal of public display, and that, too, at enormous expense, after that will appear in the sequel, that more than one of the sisters in the scene had not a farthing in her pockets. The wedding-dresses of all parties were fantastically ornamented for the occasion. The bridegroom and his attendants were white cloth, decorated with silver tissue lace, and spangles. Sir Jonah describes his mother, "a woman of high blood and breeding, and just pride," as he remarks, with true Hibernian exultation; he says that she was "told in what was called a mantle of silvered satin; when standing direct before the lights, she shone out as the reflector of a lamp; and, as she moved majestically about the room, and curtailed *a la Madama Pompadour*, the rustling of her embroidered habit sounded like music appropriate to the flow of compliments that enveloped her." But we hasten to the cavalcade, consisting of the state coach, in which the elders of the family were seated, and a less showy carriage, in which was the author.

The cavalcade started off at half-past six for Bray, accompanied by the benediction of old Sarah the cook, and Judy Berger, the hereditary house-keeper, who stood praying meanwhile and crossing their foreheads at the door. An old travelling chaise, of no very prepossessing appearance, (which had been rescued from the casks and hens in the country out-houses,) with a pair of hawks, was driven by Matthew Querns, the huntsman, and contained the residue of the party, namely, my two other brethren and self.

The more particular description of our attire may strike certain moderns as somewhat ridiculous; but the attire was the *gout* of the day, and covered as good proportions as those of the new century who may decide it. The men wore no stays; the ladies covered their shoulders; and the first were to the full as brave, and the latter, at least, as modest as their successors. Our wedding suits were literally thus composed; the blue satin vests and inexpressibles were well laced and spangled wherever there was any room for ornaments. The coats were of white cloth with blue capes. Four large paste cords, white as snow with true rice powder, and scented strong with real bergamot, adorned our heads. My third brother, Wheeler Barrington, had a coat of scarlet cloth, because he was intended for the army.

In truth, greater luminaries never attended a marriage festivity. Our equipage, however, by no means corresponded with our personal splendour and attractions; and, I thought the contrast would be too ridiculous to any observing spectator who might know the family. I therefore desired Matthew to take a short turn from the great rock road, to avoid notice as much as possible; which caution being given, we crowded into the tattered vehicle, and trotted away as swift as one blind and one lame horse could draw such magnificoes. There were and are, on the circular road by which I had desired Matthew Querns to drive us, some of those nuisances called turnpikes. When we had passed the second gate, the gate-keeper, who had been placed there recently, of course demanded the toll. "Pay him, French," said I to my brother. "Faith," said French, "I changed my clothes, and happen to have no money in my pocket." "No matter," answered I; "Wheeler, give the fellow a shilling." "I have not a rap," said Wheeler. "I have lost every half-penny I had yesterday at the royal cockpit in Exeter street."

By a sort of instinct, I put my hand into my own pocket, and reality quickly informed me that I was in the same situation. However, "no matter," again said I; so I desired of Querns to pay the turnpike. "Is it me pay turnpike?" said Matthew; "the devil a cross of wages I got from the master this many a day; and if I did, do you think, master Jonah, the liquor would not be after having it out of me by this time?" and he then attempted to drive on without paying, as he used to do at Cullenaghmore. The master, however, grappled the blind horse, and gave us a full quantum of abuse, to which his wife, who issued forth at the sound, vehemently joined. Mathew began to whip him and the horse alternately with his thong and whip; my brother French struggled to get out, and beat the pike-arm, but the master would not open readily, and I rath him that if he beat the turnpike-man, he'd probably bleed a' his himself; and that a single drop of blood on his fine clothes would effectually exclude him from society. This reasoning succeeded; but the blind horse, not perceiving what was the matter, began to plunge and break the harness. "You —— gilt vagabonds," said the turnpike-man, "such fellows should be put in the stocks, or ducked at the broad-stone beyond Kilm琳hane. Oh! I know well enough, looking into the carriage windows, what are ye's but stage drivers, that have run away from Smack-alley, and want to impose upon the country folks; but I will neither let ye back or forward, by ——, till you pay me a half shilling for the pike, and two and eight pence half-penny for every whlop of the whip that the old green nummer there gave me when I only wanted my honest dues."

I saw fighting was in vain, but courtesy can do any thing with an Irishman. "My honest friend, said I to a' a' turnpike, 'you're right, we are poor stage drivers, and we've got a heap of the clothes from Mr. Master, may heaven bless him,' and we're binded to play a farce for a great wedding that's to be performed at Bray to-night. When we come back with our money wad, pay you true and fair, and speak with you till you are still, if you think proper."

On this civil address, the pike-man looked very kindly. "Why, then, by my soul it's true enough," said he; "ye can't be very rich till ye get your entrance money; but sure, I won't be out of pocket for all that. Well, faith and truth, we look like decent stage-play-ers, and I'll tell you what, I like good music, so I do. Give me a new song or two, and I'll let you off; you poor creature, till you come back again. Come, give me a shant, and I'll help you to mend the harness too."

"Thank you, sir," said I humbly. "I can't sing," said my brother French, "unless I'm drunk." "Nor I, drunk or sober," said Wheeler. "You must sing for the pike," said I to French; and, at length, he set up his pipes to a favourite song, often heard among the half-mounted gentlemen in the country when they were drinking; and, as I shall never forget any incident, of that, to me, eventful day, and the ditty is quite characteristic of the nation generally and the half-mounted gentlemen in particular, with whom it was a sort of a chapter song, I shall give it:

"Old man, you're in a bad mess;

With a' a' paylins, cooing wae;

When ye have a' a' great dash;

When ye have a' a' great dash;

Then let us be wobbling, or not;

Our jigs are awfully the wae;

With a' a' paylins, cooing wae."

I never saw a poor fellow so pleased as the pike-man; the world hit his fancy; he shook us all round most heartily by the hand; and, running into his lodge, brought out a pewter pot of frothing beer, which he had just got for himself, and insisted on each of us taking a drink. We of course complied. He gave Mathew a drink too, and desired him not to be so fondly with his whip to other pike-men, they'll justice him at Kilm琳hane. He then helped us on our traces; and Mathew, meanwhile, who, having had the last draught, had left the pot no further means of exercising his hospitality, enlivened by the liquor, and encouraged by the good nature of the pike-man, and his pardon for the wallapep, thought the least he could do in gratitude was to give the honest man a sample of his own music, vocal and instrumental; so, taking his hunting-horn from under his coat, (he never went a yard without it,) and sounding his best "Death of Reynard," he sang a stave, which was then the charter song of his rank, and which he roared away with all the graces of a now halla:

"Ho! ho! the sup of good drink!

And it's he! ho! the burn wae but didn't

Oh! had I a shilling lapp'd up in a clout,  
'Tis a sup of good drink that should wheedle it out.  
And it's ho! ho! &c."

The man of the pike was delighted. "Why, then, by my soul, you ould nummer," said he, "it's a pity the likes of you should want a hog. Arrah! here, handing him a shilling, "may be your whistle would run dry on the road, and you'll pay me when you come back, won't you? Now all's settled; off wid yees. Success! success! And away we went as fast as the hatt and blind could convey us."

## DOMESTIC LYING.

It is clearly to be seen by all who travel from Dan to Beersheba with their eyes open, that a vast number of the "wise saws" transmitted to us by the wisdom of our ancestors, are wholly at variance with the "modern instances" visible in the every day world. Now with respect to LYING. Which among us has not said of some light, frivolous task, "Tis as easy as lying!"—Although experience proves that of all the arts and sciences that have perplexed human patience, from the days of the Pyramids, to those of the Pantheon, LYING is one of the most arduous and difficult of attainments. It requires thirty times more ingenuity to tell a lie of moderate dimensions in a workman-like manner, than is requisite for the utterance of the largest truth that ever edified mankind; and it is amazing to see the inconsiderate way in which so responsible a duty is daily and hourly delegated to the dullest and most ignorant of the human species. A large proportion of the lying of every regular establishment is thrown upon the hands of the footmen and ladies' maids; and that, too, without any consideration for the additional duty, in the amount of their wages. Some new John Thompson just escaped from the plough tail, and encircled in a livery, is expected to lie from eight in the morning till twelve at night, with as much gravity and consistency as a Chancellor of the Exchequer; and yet, when lured for the duties of his place, the unhappy youth is informed that he has only to clean knives, black shoes, wait at table, and open the door!—This is a crying injustice, and unless in families where the virtue, like the wasp-ing, is "done out," or retained as a drawing-room privilege, we think a small extra or honorary should be vouchsafed to the servants' hall.

A plain unvarnished narrative of a scene which recently occurred at the house of our much respected friends, the Rampants, may afford some notion of the quantity and qualities of lies constituting a morning's work to a London footman.

At half-past nine, Mr. Rampant's bell rung, (John having somewhat overslept himself.)—"What o'clock is it?"—"Nine, Sir."—"Newspapers come?"—"No, Sir?" (The ladies in the housekeeper's room, not having done with them.) "Does this shaving-water boil?"—"Yes, Sir."—"Have you tried to take the paint off my coat-sleeves as I desired?"—"I used a pint of spirits of turpentine, Sir; nothing will fetch it out." "It is very strange, I smell no turpentine!"—"I hung the coat out, airing on the leads all night."—"Suppose it had rained?"—"I hung up the umbrella over it, Sir." "Is your mistress almost ready for breakfast?"—"Yes, Sir."—"Is breakfast ready?"—"Yes, Sir."—"Go and take up the ura—Ah! my dear Mrs. Rampant! John told me you were not down yet. John! how came you to tell me your mistress was not ready for breakfast?"—The ladies-maid told me so, Sir; and I looked twice into the drawing-room, and did not see Missus."—"Has this letter been in the butter-freezer?"—"I just took it out, Sir."—"The eggs are over-boiled."—"The kitchen-clock does not go, Sir."—"Send it to the watch-maker's."—"It has gone wrong ever since it was there last, Sir."—"Down, Pluto, down!—John! have you taken Pluto to the Serpentine this morning?"—"He was in the water half an hour, Sir."—"His coat looks very dusty, notwithstanding."—"He has been lying in the knife-house, Sir."—"But that would not have dried him so soon?"—"The laundry fire was slight, Sir, which makes the knife-house like an oven." (Rat-tat, a rat-tat-tat.) "Here's that odious fellow, Larsson, my dear, come to pay us an early visit. John! do not let him in on any account!"—"No, Sir."

"Mr. Rampant at home?"—"No, Sir."—"Not at home!"—Why, 'tis scarcely eleven o'clock. He never goes out so early as this!"—"Master's not at home, Sir."—"He's always at home to me!"—Master's particular engaged, Sir."—"He's never "engaged" to me!"—"But he's gone out, Sir."—"I don't believe a word of it;—I came to breakfast with him."—"Master breakfasted at eight o'clock, Sir; and he's gone into the city."—"Oh! very well; then I'll see Mrs. Rampant."—"Mrs. is gone with him."—"How are the dear children?"—"Master locked up the dining-room before he went out."—"Then I'll see them in the drawing-room."—"Better not, I think, Sir;—the nursery-maid has got the scarlet fever."—"Oh! very well; give my compliments to Mr. Rampant, and tell him I called."

"John! John! what made you say we had got the scarlet fever in the house!"—No one will come near us!"—"Mr. Larsson wouldn't be denied, Ma'am; what could I say?"—"Anything but that." (Another knock.) "Rampant, my love, 'tis my auld Peevit's carriage!"—"If you let her in, I'm off."—Lady Peevit is the most insupportable wench on earth. John! not at home to Lady Peevit!"—"No, Sir."

"Mrs. Rampant at home?"—"No."—"My Lady desires you'll come to the carriage door."—"Isn't my niece at home?"—"No, my Lady."—"Are you sure?"—"Yes! my Lady!"—"Then I'll step out and wait till she comes in!"—"Missus is gone out of town, my Lady."—"Gone out of town?"—I left her at Lady Vole's at

twelve o'clock last night!"—"Missus went early this morning, my Lady."—"Do you know where she's gone?"—"No, my Lady."—"Let me out, Thomas;—I'll speak to the head nurse."—"The children be gone too, my Lady."—"How did they go?"—"The carriage with post-horses."—"And took no man servant? Very extraordinary!"—"I fancy they be gone visiting."—"Into Kent?"—"Yes, my Lady."—"God bless my soul! they are gone to my son Sir George's, and he won't be there to receive them. I must go and acquaint him with the circumstance. Thomas, tell the coachman to drive to Fenton's Hotel;—I must see Sir George Peevit immediately."

"John! John! what made you say we were gone out of town?"—I shall have half a dozen notes of explanation to write."—Lady Peevit insisted on coming in, Ma'am. What could I say?"—"Anything but that?"—"Oh! heavens, Rampant!"—that's your father's knock. Depend on it he's come to spend the day here; and we shall never be able to get away from dinner in time for the Opera. John! take care that old Mr. Rampant does not get in!"—"Yes, Ma'am."—"Is my son at home?"—"No! Sir; master's been out these two hours."—"Two hours?"—Well, well, I'll see Mrs. Rampant."—"I fancy, Sir, Missus can't be disturbed. She keeps her bed, Sir. The apothecary's been with her twice."—"You don't say so!"—Very strange my son shouldn't let me know it!"—Master's been very much engaged the last week."—"Unph!"—Inform him that I shall dine with him to-day."—"Today, Sir?"—Master dines out to-day, Sir."—"Dine out?"—and my daughter-in-law ill in bed?"—Very extraordinary conduct! Let me see Mrs. Rampant's own maid."—"She's sitting in Missus's room, Sir; and Dr. Bolus desired she mightn't be disturbed."—"God bless my soul! it must be something serious!"—I shall call at six o'clock. My son will be at home then to dress."—"Oh! dear no! Sir;—Master's gone out for the day. He dines somewhere at Blackheath."—"At Blackheath!"—when he gave me his word he had broken off all connection with the Wilcox family! So, so! Mr. Charles Rampant! This is the reliance to be placed on your promises. John! you need not say I called. Here's half a crown for you. Recollect I did not call.—I'll be off to Blackheath by the two o'clock coach. The Wilcoxes, indeed!"

"John! John!"—what have you done?"—What could tempt you to say I was gone down to the Wilcoxes? My father will disinherit me!"—"I didn't mention no names, Sir."—My father knows I am acquainted with with no other person at Blackheath. Fetch me my hat; I will run round by Grosvenor square, meet him, as if by accident, and tell him the whole was a mistake."—"Except my illness, my love—pray let me remain ill, or we shall certainly have him here to dinner. And before you go, leave me out the money for Madame Verdureau's account; I told her to call at one o'clock."—"Very absurd;—you know very well the dividends are not due till next week. (A single knock.) There she is:—John!"—tell Madame Verdureau we shan't be in town till next Friday." (A double knock.) John! I'll have carriage that is driving away."—"Lady Latoe, Ma'am. I told her you would not be in town till next Friday."—What could tempt you to say such a thing?"—Master desired me to tell Madame Verdureau so!"—Lady Latoe called on arranging about taking me to the Opera to-night. (A very double knock.) "Tis the Duchess!"—John! remember I am at home to the Duchess of Domoughmore?"

"Is this Mrs. Rampant's?"—"Yes!"—The Duchess of Domoughmore."—Mrs. Rampant is at home."—"Very well—give her the cart!"—John! John! Did not I tell you I was at home?"—So I informed the footman, Ma'am. I fancy her Grace did not want to come in."—I don't believe a word of it;—I don't believe you said I was at home!"—It is a dreadful thing to have servants one can't rely on. There is not a person in the house on whose word I can depend. It was of the greatest consequence to me to see her Grace, and you did not choose to let her in!"—Mrs. Jeremiah Rampant coming up, Ma'am!"—That horrid woman!—I told you I was not at home!"—Run and stop her;—tell her I'm taken suddenly ill with a spasmodic disorder. (I know she's afraid of the character.)—What did she say, John?"—Nothing, Ma'am—only muttered something about the popular actress and poor-relation fever."—That's a piece of impudence of your own invention. I don't believe a word of it."—A note, Ma'am?"

"Dear Mrs. Rampant,—Finding from our friend Larsson that you have the scarlet fever in your house, I am sure you will excuse my dining with you to-morrow, as I have never had that disease."

"Yours faithfully,

BOROUGHBRIDGE.

"An excuse from Lord Boroughbridge; after we had made up a party on purpose to meet him?"—"Another note, Ma'am."

"Dear Madam,—I am sorry you thought it necessary to desire your servant to say you were out of town, in order to escape accompanying me to the Opera to-night. Candour between friends is always the best policy; and I am at a loss to interpret so strange a proceeding. Yours, truly,

F. Loro?

"Another note, Ma'am?"—Dear Mrs. Charles,—Having just visited our friend Bolus in great anxiety on your account, I am greatly amazed to find the whole history of your illness, related by your footman this morning, a gross fabrication. Whether or not his statement respecting my son will prove equally false, I have at present no means of determining. But this I can assure you very positively, that if I find you retain such a lying

## THE CONSTELLATION.

dog in your service, I shall take it as a personal offence to Your affectionate father,

\*P. RAMPANT.

"John! you may provide yourself with another situation"—Another situation, Ma'am?—I have always given master satisfaction!—That is no reason he should have to give other people "satisfaction" on your account. In short, you have so exceeded all bounds, and made your genius for invention so remarkable, that nobody will ever believe another lie from your lips. I cannot think of keeping a servant of so notorious a character. You must find another place!"

Such was the recompense accorded to John Thompson for having placed forty round, uncompromising lies, to the account of his precious conscience, in the short space of one hour and twenty-five minutes!—and an industrious, pains-taking young man, is by this means deprived of a bed to lie on, and a door to lie at.

**THE LATE DR. ADAM CLARKE.**—Dr Clarke was born in Ireland, but his father, a man of great learning, was an Englishman, and his mother a native of Scotland. His birth took place near Magherafelt, in the county of Londonderry, in the year 1763. He took early a serious turn, and his boyhood was passed in acquiring the rudiments of classical education, and in attending to the concerns of his father's firm. He was afterwards placed with Mr. Bennet, a large linen-manufacturer; but, taking a dislike to the business, and probably feeling a preference for a life of mental labour, he left that gentleman, with whom, however, he continued on terms of uninterrupted friendship till his death. He was brought, by letter, under the notice of the Rev. J. Wesley, and became a pupil of that great man's school at Kingswood. He had not long been there, where he displayed considerable talents and great aptitude in the acquisition of the dead languages, when Mr. Wesley intimated to him his intention to send him out as one of his itinerant preachers. Accordingly, in 1782 he commenced his labours in that character, and though but eighteen years of age, acquitted himself to the satisfaction of Mr. Wesley, a competent judge. He remained in this active and laborious employment, continually increasing his stores of knowledge, and adding to his reputation, and with great usefulness, till 1831, when the Methodist Conference made him a supernumerary, not only, as we understand, without his knowledge or consent, but also, as it afterwards appeared, much against his wish. During this period—a period which would have been half a century had it extended to the present time—he travelled in most parts of England and Ireland. At three several conferences he occupied the President's chair, and retained to the last a popularity which the word popularity is not fitted to describe, for he constantly enjoyed the mingled veneration, admiration, and affection of both ministers and laymen of his own denomination.—*Lond. pap.*

**SIR WALTER SCOTT.**—James Hogg, in a pleasant paper on the statistics of Selkirkshire, in the new number of the *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*, having occasion to make mention of Sir Walter Scott as among the eminent persons born in that country, writes as follows:—To speak of Sir Walter Scott as a literary man would be the height of absurdity in a statistical writer. In that light he is known and duly appreciated over the whole world, wherever letters have found their way. But I shall say, that those who knew him only by the few hundreds of volumes that he has published, know only the one half of the man, and that not the best half neither. As a friend, he is steady, candid and sincere, expressing his sentiments freely, whether favourable or the reverse. He is no man's enemy, though he may be to his principles; and I believe that he never in his life tried to do an individual hurt. His impartiality as a judge is well known; that no man, either rich or poor, ever attempted to move him from the right onward path. If he have a feeling of partiality in his whole disposition, it is for the poachers and takers, at least I know that they all think he has a fellow feeling with them—that he has a little of the outlaw blood in him, and, if he had been idle, would have been a desperate poacher and black-fisher. Indeed, it has been reported that when he was young he sometimes "clistered a kipper, and made a shift to shoot a moor-fowl if the drift." He was uncommonly well made. I never saw a limb, loins, shoulders so framed for immoderate strength. And, as Tom Purdie observed, "Faith, an' he hadna' been crippled he wad haen' been an unlucky chap."

**FAMILIES OF MEN OF GENIUS.**—It is remarkable (as far as we can call to mind) that for aught the world knows, there is not a single direct male representative of any great man that ever lived, except Henry the Fourth and Lord Burleigh; and the females are very scarce. Henry the Fourth's descendants remind one of what has been said on this point; that great men would probably have no great reason to be proud of their posterity;—and the people of Exeter are hardly reminded of great Statesmen, when they think of the Duke of Newcastle's rival. The greatest men of Spain, Italy, France, England, and Germany, have no male representatives. Cervantes has none, nor Camoens, nor Dante, nor Petrarch, nor Andrew Doria, nor the great painters, nor Corneille, Racine, Moliere, Voltaire, nor Turenne, nor Luther, nor Frederick the Great, nor Schiller and Goethe, nor the great English poets, nor the less, nor Hampden, nor Bacon, nor Locke, nor Hobbes, nor Steele and Addison, Swift, Marlborough, Peterborough, Nelson, Washington, Howard, nor a thousand others. We may be mis-

ken in others of the second grade; but for the first grade we think we can answer; and at all events, the general desuetude of posterity to men of genius is curious. Shakespeare, we believe, has lineal descendants through the female line, living in obscurity, who, by the way, ought to be dug forth. If any great names survive in France, or the Peninsula, they must be of very little credit to their ancestors. Camoens tells us, that the descendants of Vasco de Gama, whom he immortalized passed by him with contempt. We now ask who they were? It may be added, as a curiosity, that all the male representatives, now surviving, of Englishmen of literary celebrity, are, we believe, of the line of their brothers. This is the case, at least, in the families of Bacon, Beaumont, Sandys, and Parnell. Dryden's name is kept up by marriage with a female, which is the case also with Marlborough, Alfred the Great (supposing all his female descendants to have behaved themselves properly, which is somewhat hard, considering Court-lives,) is represented by the houses of Sardinia and Hanover.—*True Sun.*

**THE EDDYSTONE LIGHT-HOUSE.**—The care of this important beacon is committed to four men, two of whom take the charge of it by turns, and are relieved every six weeks. But as it often happens, especially in stormy weather, that boats cannot touch at the Eddystone for many months, a proper quantity of salt provision is always laid up, as in a ship victualled for a long voyage. In high winds such a briny atmosphere surrounds this gloomy solitude from the dashing of the waves, that a man exposed to it could not draw his breath. At these dreadful intervals the forlorn inhabitants keep close quarters, and are obliged to live in darkness and stench, listening to the howling storm, excluded in every emergency from the least hope of assistance, and without any earthly comfort but what is administered from their confidence in the strength of the building in which they are immured.

Once, on relieving this forlorn guard, one of the men was found dead, his companion choosing rather to shut himself up with a putrefying carcass, than, by throwing it into the sea, to incur the suspicion of murder.

In fine weather these wretched beings scramble a little about the edge of the rock, when the tide ebbs, and amuse themselves by fishing, which is the only employment they can have, except that of trimming their nightly fires. Such total inaction and entire exclusion from all the joys and aids of society can only be endured by great religious philosophy, which we cannot imagine they feel; or by great stupidity, which in pity we must suppose they possess. Yet, though this wretched community is so small, we are assured it has sometimes been a scene of misanthropy. Instead of suffering the recollection of these distresses and dangers in which each is deserted by all but one to endear that one to him, we are informed the humours of each were so soured that they peregrinated on themselves and on each other. If one sat above, the other was commonly found below. Their meals, too, were solitary; each, like a brute, growing over his food alone. The endowment of this arduous post is twenty pounds a-year, and provisions while on duty.

The house to live in may be fairly thrown into the bargain. The whole together is, perhaps, one of the least eligible pieces of parchment in Britain; and yet, from a story which Mr. Simeon relates, it appears there are stations still more illegible. A fellow who got a livelihood by making leather in pipes for engines, grew tired of sitting constantly at work, and solicited a lighthouse man's place, which, as competitors are not numerous, he obtained. As the Eddystone boat was carrying him to take possession of his habitation, one of the boatmen asked him what could tempt him to give up a profitable business, to be shut up for months together in a pillar? "Why," said the man, "because I did not like confinement."

**Duel, a la Russe.**—On Friday morning, at an early hour, a hostile meeting took place at Chalk Farm, between Prince Troubetskey, a young Russian nobleman of high rank, and Count Tolstoy, Principal Secretary of Legation to the Russian Embassy. The Prince was attended by Monsieur Lomanshoff, a gentleman also connected with the Russian Embassy, and Prince Paul Lieven, eldest son of the Russian Ambassador, attended as second to Count Tolstoy. We understand that all the above parties dined together on Thursday, at Mr. Benkhausen's, the Russian Consul General, and in the course of the evening a dispute arose between the Prince and the Count, which led to the former sending a challenge to the latter. In consequence all the before-named parties met in a field at the foot of Primrose-hill, and in the immediate vicinity of Chalk Farm. The ground having been measured, and the pistols handed to each of the principals, they fired at each other, taking deliberate aim—a mode of duelling we are informed, which is customary in Russia. Fortunately neither of the shots took effect, and immediately on the report of the pistols four or five policemen hastened to the spot, whereupon the whole party jumped into their cabriolets which were in waiting at a short distance, and drove off to town with the utmost speed, and thereby eluded the police. The above "affair" has created no small sensation in the diplomatic circle. Prince Troubetskey has only been in England a few days, and was presented to the King by Prince Lieven, at the last Levee.—*Lond. pap.*

**Dennis Collins.**—We have in papers not before quoted further accounts of this individual: "The starving, drunken Pensioner, who committed a treasonable assault on his Majesty at the Ascot Races, was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, on Tuesday last. In

consideration of many circumstances, the Jury unanimously recommended him to mercy, and we learn from the journals of Saturday that the sentence, at the express desire of his Majesty, has been humanely commuted into imprisonment for life. It is stated by the Morning Herald that the prisoner's greatest dread was, that he might be acquitted entirely, and turned out into the world again; and he said repeatedly, 'If my Priest (for he was a Catholic) would give me the Sacrament to-day I would a great deal rather go and be executed to-morrow than be turned out into the world, to undergo all the misery and starvation that I went through for the six months before this happened.' [Collins has become celebrated by his act, and his portrait is advertised by all the London print-sellers.—*Ed. Atlas.*]

**EXECUTION OF COOK.**—The body, after hanging the usual time, was taken into the gaol infirmary, and was laid upon a plank, and two bricks placed under his head, his clothes on, and his head was shortly after shaved, preparatory to being tarred. On Saturday afternoon the culprit was put on the gibbet, which is 33 feet long, and placed in Saffron-lane, not far from the Aylestone Toll-gate. The body was dressed in the same clothes that he was hung in, black coat, black waistcoat, white duck trousers, and a pair of white Berlin gloves. His face was covered with a pack plaster, and over it was placed the cap he suffered in. The irons are strongly fastened, and, in order to prevent the legs from dropping, two iron shoes are constructed, and which are fastened to the other iron work. On Sunday an immense concourse of spectators lined the road to the gibbet.

We understand an order was received on Tuesday morning, at the Under Sheriff's office, from the Under Secretary of State, remitting that part of the sentence which ordered the murderer Cook to be hung in chains.

The following passage (Judges, xix, 29, 30) was chosen by Cook as the one from which he wished the condemned sermon to be preached:

"And when he was come into his house, he took a knife, and laid hold on his concubine, and divided her, together with her bones, into twelve pieces, and sent her into all the coast of Israel. And it was so that all who saw it said, there was no such deed done nor seen, from the day that the children of Israel came up out of the land of Egypt, unto this day: consider of it, and speak your mind."

Cook here chose a most inopportune text. The woman had been murdered in Gilead, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, and the cutting the body in pieces, so far from in any way resembling the crime of Cook, was done by the Levites in order to stimulate the people of Israel to punish the crime as they did. The deed, which is spoken of with so much horror by the Sacred Writer, is not the mutilation of the body, but the barbarous and revolting murder of the woman.—*Standard.*

## IMPROVEMENTS IN PRINTING.

There is, perhaps, hardly any branch of art in which greater improvement has of late years been effected than in that of printing. By means of machinery connected with cotton mills and steam engines, it is now possible to do that which formerly required a great number of hands, but a printing establishment, perhaps exhibits the most decided proof of the economy of labour and rapidity of execution. Mr. Babbage, in his late work, the *Economy of Machinery and Manufactures*, makes some curious calculations respecting that colossal establishment, the *Times*, which will prove this position. The matter, formed of news from almost every part of the world, and containing information upon an endless variety of subjects, is, when put together, within a space exactly proportioned to the surface of the paper, which is commonly twelve feet square, but occasionally twenty-four feet. The matter to fill the larger sheet contains no less than 600,000 detached types. Our readers are probably aware that every type must be picked up singly, and as it would be impossible to congregate so many letters without some errors, a revision of the matter takes place, when it is composed, and frequently whole lines are entirely altered or changed. There are in London a few workmen who can compose without making a single error, but, as time is an object, instances of such care are rare; and even when the matter does not present any errors or transpositions, the writer of articles almost invariably reads them over when they are composed, and make changes as new ideas and other circumstances arises so that it may be reckoned that there is hardly a line of original matter in a newspaper but what undergoes some change after it is picked up by the compositor. The letters, points, figures, &c., being placed in small separate boxes, it will be easily understood that they may become mixed, or that it is difficult to take out enough to form a sentence, without some error. The boxes of the compositors are placed on what are called frames, which contain an upper and a lower case for the types—the lower for the small letters, points, &c., and the upper for the capitals. The labour of getting together a mass of types as large as the matter of the *Times* or *Herold* may be judged of by the following advertisement of the former. In the six columns of the title page there are 126 inches, and 924 inches in 42 columns of 22 inches each for the body of the paper. It must be recited also that all these letters having been collected together in one day, they are singly distributed back to the boxes on the next. The most astonishing part of the operative portion of the newspaper is the printing machine. By that of the *Times* 13,500 sides of the paper are printed at the rate of 4,000 per

hour, or 66 per minute, as Mr. Babbage has stated it; because, at this rate, ten millions of letters, or nearly, are struck per minute. Whether the paper is double or single, this is the performance of one of the printing machines of the *Times*. Contrasting this with the agency of amanuenses, which was the only way the Romans had for the conveyance of information, it would require, even if dictated to, upwards of \$0,000 scribblers to write and produce per hour 4,000 copies of 12 columns of the *Times*, and allowing two feet six inches for each writer, it would require for their accommodation eight tables extending from Mile-end gate to Tyburn. This is besides the number of hands that would be required for the other pages. A large folio *Times* contains about 600,000 letters; this is about 150,000 letters more than Mr. Babbage's closely printed volume; consequently, 15,500 pages of the *Times* are equal, in printed matter, to 15,600 volumes of Mr. Babbage's edition, or 1,415 volumes of *Rees's Encyclopedia*. Thus, with a power not exceeding one horse power, and within premises that afford hardly 3,000 superficial feet of accommodation, 18,000 volumes per week, may be edited daily, consequently 108,000 volumes per week, and 5,616,000 per year, out of one printing concern. We take some of those calculations respecting the *Times* from Mr. Babbage's work, but as of course other establishments contribute largely to satisfy the growing taste for reading, the improvement in the art, as respects rapidity and beauty of execution, may be better conceived. The *Herald* and *Chronicle* contribute greatly to the diffusion of general knowledge, and from the large circulation of the *Courier*, *Globe*, and other Evening Papers, besides the Weekly Papers, and the various Reviews, Magazines, &c. we can calculate, without taking an exaggerated view, that printing is carried to a greater extent and to a greater perfection in England than in any other country, and that the improvements in it have outstripped those made within late years in other branches.—*Eng. pap.*

## SWALLOWING PINS AND NEEDLES.

A youth, named Henry Hammond, 19 years old, son-in-law to a person of the name of Stretch, residing in Sidney-street, was brought a few days ago, to a mortuary grave under the following circumstances:—For some time he had been accustomed to run errands on market days for Mr. Whitley, butcher, Chapel-bar. On Saturday the 5th ult. before he returned home, he partook of a supper of hashed or stewed meat; during the meal, he swallowed what was supposed to have been a fragment of bone, which fixed itself in the throat, and resisted every effort made by the dispensary surgeon to dislodge it. A great enlargement of the neck, with great constitutional irritation ensued. After a few weeks of very great anguish, symptoms so alarming presented themselves, as to render it necessary the opening of a discoloured tumour—but under the simple operation of lancing it, the poor boy died. On a *post-mortem* examination of the neck, the cause of this fatal mischief was found to be a small needle, which had entered the throat at the meal alluded to, and had perforated the trachea. The suffering of this unfortunate youth, who was highly respected for his inoffensive disposition and other good qualities, was extreme before his death. We cannot avoid contrasting this case with that of Kitty Hudson's, one of the most extraordinary on record. When a child, she was employed by the sexton, her grandfather, to sweep St. Mary's church in this town; and she was induced, for a promise of what children call "trifles," to carefully collect and store in her mouth what pins and needles she could find. She followed this practice until, as she stated, she could neither eat, drink, or sleep without some in her mouth, and frequently got out of bed to supply herself with them, in order to sleep. This strange habit was continued till her double teeth were almost worn away, and till the mischief of swallowing so many little instruments of torture began to be apparent, by a constant number of the limbs, deranged health, and disinclination to sleep. On the 1st of August, 1783, she was admitted into the General Hospital, for an inflammatory affection of the right arm. On inspection, two needles were discovered in the skin, a little above the wrist, and they were readily extracted by pushing the points through, and laying hold of them with a pair of forceps. Other needles were felt higher up the forearm, which were extracted. Between the time of her admission into the Infirmary and June 12, 1785, when she was finally "dismissed cured," with the exception of two or three short intermissions in which she returned home as relieved, or cured, she underwent a most astonishing series of operations; during which, great numbers of needles of most sizes, pins, and at times splinters of carious bone, were extracted from her feet, legs, arms, breasts, and other parts of her body! Six months after the latter date she was married to a young man of the name of Goddard; this was the consummation of an attachment that commenced in childhood. And hear it, ye faithful sons and daughters of Hymen, she said, she believed it was "the cheering of this young man and her attachment to him, which enabled her to bear up against her sufferings." For several years she walked twice a-day as the Arnold post, from that village to this town; and there are no doubt hundreds living who have a vivid recollection of the extent of her tall, stout, masculine figure, wearing a small bonnet, and dressed in a man's spencer of drab cloth, over her shoulders, slung by a strap; a leather letter-bag, a coarse woollen petticoat, worsted stockings and strong shoes, completed the *tour ensemble* of Kitty Hudson, the Arnold post-woman. The verity of this case could be attested by the Hospital books—it could be attested (for it has hitherto

been uncontradicted) by two eminent medical gentlemen still living—and long may they live amongst us!—men whose names are equally illustrious in philosophy and medical science, and are, as far as known, powerful guarantees to the sceptical for the truth of this remarkable statement. In Blackner's *Nottingham*, pp. 172 to 179, may be found the history of this circumstance, as recorded in the Hospital minutes, and extracted by Dr. Moises, which was published in the *Medical and Physical Journal* of that day.—The contrast between young Hammond's case and Kitty Hudson's is great. In the first, one small needle, inadvertently swallowed, proved fatal in a few weeks; while the other for several years was addicted to taking into the stomach pins and needles of various sizes; and after a course of slow, penetrative wandering through the varied textures of the body, they were at length successfully extracted, and she was restored to sound health, married, and became the mother of *numerous* children!—*Nottingham Paper*.

**STRANGERS' PAPER.**—The English papers supply the following under date, *Lake of Geneva, August 18.*

The extraordinary heat which has prevailed almost without interruption for nine weeks, has produced a phenomenon in the countries bordering on our lake to which there is no parallel on record. At Geneva, a spontaneous combustion took place in the church-yard of Plain Palais, though in rather a damp plain. The high grass on the graves, the cypress and the firs trees, took fire, and it was necessary to bring the engines to extinguish it, which was effected, but not without difficulty. A more remarkable event took place in Savoy, near the village of Maryland (province of Finsigny), all at once the alarm bell was sounded, not only in the village, but the whole surrounding country, and in the whole valley, to summon the inhabitants with all speed to extinguish a dangerous fire of a kind hitherto unheard of. For it was not houses, or trees, or heath, that were burning, but the roots of trees, two feet under ground! This strange fire took place at Scieins (in the commune of Arvanches). Nothing appeared on the surface; the furze and bushes were untouched, till at once several trees fell and were then consumed by the fire that burst from the roots!

The people indeed felled the woods, that the fire might not spread, and would willingly have turned up the ground to extinguish the fire that was burning the roots; but in the terrible draught where they were to get water. This subterraneous fire, therefore, consumed 250 acres of fine forest. The fear of the subterraneous fire had such an effect on the inhabitants that many villages, for instance Colons, were wholly deserted, and as the people were also afraid of going into the forest, they remained exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, generally 46 deg. of Reaumur (44 deg. of Fahrenheit) in the naked plain, where the wells began to dry up. This subterraneous fire is doubtless closely connected with the flames which at the same time issued from the earth in several places in Lausanne. The rain which came a few days ago, and considerably lowered the temperature, seems to have checked the fire, though many persons fear that the rain was by no means of sufficient continuance to penetrate so deep into the earth as to remove all danger of the fires beginning again on the return of hot, dry weather, such as seems to be setting in.

**Rise of Property.**—The land upon which Cincinnati (Ohio) is built, is said to have originally cost forty-nine dollars! It contained 640 acres, or a quarter section. Now (in 1832,) some part of it is said to be worth thirty dollars a foot!

**Vegetable increase.**—During the past season, a single grain of potatoe oats, on the lands of the Rev. Mr. Mills, Ballywillan, near Coleraine, produced 32 stalks all growing from the same root, and containing in all nearly 5,000 grains of corn! This extraordinary specimen of fruitfulness has been left for inspection at the seed shop of Mr. Farrell.—*Irish paper*.

**Illuminated Clock.**—Amongst the other improvements which have been introduced by Mr. Rogers, the present active and spirited superintendent of the Gas Works in Belfast, is an illuminated clock in front of the buildings, which at night has an extremely pleasing effect. This is the first improvement of the kind which has been adopted in Belfast.

It is said that the losses of the bank by the *forgeries* of Fauntleroy were about £350,000.—*Eng. paper*.

**Language.**—As a specimen of the difficulty of pronouncing and spelling our language, with the present alphabet, it was proved by Dr. Weeks, of Utica, at the last meeting of the American Lyceum, that the word 'phantom' might be pronounced wrong in 3,339, and written wrong in 3,023 different ways.

#### MARRIED,

In this city, on the 23d, G. R. J. Bowden, to Frances daughter of James A. Hamilton, Esq.

On the 23d, Henry Vail, of Stamford, Duchess county, to Miss Jane Ann Thorne.

On the 25th, Lewis Kelly, to Miss Adeline M. C. Lynch, and Alexander S. Forrest, to Miss Maria M. Lynch—daughters of the late Capt. Mark Lynch.

On the 25th, J. W. Conkling, of Madison, Ct. to Miss Ann Eliza Tice.

On the 25th, William McRae, to Jane, daughter of S. Davidson, merchant.

On the 25th, Michael Burke, to Miss Catherine Angelica Roosevelt.

On the 26th, J. Worthington Bulkley, to Miss Adelaide Hillard, both of Norwich, Ct.

At Stamford, Duchess co. Walter Lockwood, Jr. of the firm of Lockwood, Haggerty & Co. of this city, to Miss Hannah C. Hall.

At Delhi, N.Y. Charles Marvin, to Frances, daughter of the Hon. Charles A. Fiske.

At Bridgeport, Ct. Edmund Darrow of New York, to Susan Ellen, daughter of Charles H. Hubbell, Esq. of the former place.

At Louisville, Ky. Henry Clay, Jr. Esq. to Maria Julia, daughter of the late Thomas Prothero.

On the 7th inst. at Christ Church, Shellsburne, N.S., Mr. John DeWitt White, to Maria, only daughter of the Rev. Dr. Rowland.

#### DIED,

In this city, on the 25th, David Alfred Joice, son of David Joice, aged 23.

On the 26th, Mrs. Amy P. Wickham, wife of the Rev. Joseph D. Wickham, and daughter of Moses Porter, Esq. of Haverhill, Mass. aged 31 years.

On the 27th, Amy, relict of Thomas Buchanan, in the 55th year of her age.

On the 23d, Patrick G. Hilditch, Esq. in the 50th year of his age.

On the 24th, at Clinton Hall, Aaron O. Shaff, in the 36th year of his age.

On the 25th, Elizabeth Glaser, eldest daughter of the Rev. John J. Glaser.

On the 27th, Robert Lewis, aged 36.

On the 29th, Thomas Scott, aged 75.

At Brooklyn, Mrs. Anna T. Newton, wife of Captain John T. Newton of the U.S. Navy, and daughter of Thor. Kirk of Brooklyn, aged 35.

At Chelmsford, Essex, Lewis Brush.

At the request of his father, on Long Island, Edward Chaffee, aged 25.

At Colchester, Ct. William T. Turner, in the 31st year of his age.

At Boston, Capt. of charmers, on Sunday morning, 22d inst. William Morris, Esq. of St. John, N.B. in his 27th year, son of Nathaniel Morris, Esq. of the same place.

At Boston, Nancy Hayes, Esq. of the house of Hayes, Lt. Fontaine & Co. Springfield, aged 22.

At Hagerstown, Thomas Kennedy, Esq. Editor of the *Hagerstown Mail*, and member of the Maryland legislature.

At Chelmsford, Rev. Samuel Harris, of Ayer, aged 62. Mrs. Mary Peck, aged 36, and James Wood, Esq. aged 66, survivors of a son of Phillips, Esq.

At Jacksonville, Florida, Angel Ives Brundt, son of Dr. Brundt of Jacksonville.

At Kingsbury, J. J. Lewis Hart, seaman, on board the *Albion*.

#### GENERAL AGENTS.—For this Publication

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